

# NORMAN VALLERY

OR HOW TO

Overcome Evil with Good.

BY

W. H. G. KINGSTON.

AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE FROLIC," "THE FIRE SHIPS,"  
"UNCLE BOZ," ETC.



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"Dear Norman, do let go my hair; you are really hurting me very much."—p. 20.





"At the same time, he looked with a jealous eye at Fanny's beautiful doll, which she was caressing."—p. 42.





"At last he made a dig at the ball with the point of the knife, which quickly penetrated it, producing a wide gash."—p. 46.





"Dragging poor Miss Lucy from the chair, he threw her on the ground, and began to cut away at her wax neck with his knife."—p. 68.









“Fanny replaced the wrapping with a soft piece covered with salve, which felt very cool, and soon took away the pain.”—p. 76.





"Go on, my little horse, go on. I wish you were a coolie, and I would soon make you move faster."—p. 99.





“Keep quiet, Norman, it is very naughty of you! You will make me let you drop.”—p. 117.





"Here, my dear young lady; I shall be greatly pleased if you will accept this little bird and cage."—p. 149.





“Rising up suddenly with the book in his hands, the cruel boy let it fall directly down on the little bird.”—p. 195.





“There sat Fanny in the arm chair, hiding her weeping eyes with one hand, while in the other lay poor Pecksy.”—p. 197.





“The bird being placed in due form on its bier, they set forth, Fanny drawing the hearse and Norman carrying the hoe.”—p. 205.





"The empty cage was more than she could bear. She took it up, and, looking at it for a moment, burst into tears. Norman stood by crying also."—p. 210.





“ ‘ Who killed Cock Robin?’ sang the birds in chorus. ‘ That little boy there, with his head on the table,’ answered the bird at the back of his chair.”—p. 215





"He threw his arms round her neck. 'You dear, kind sister, how good you are to me.'"—p. 250.





"Will you take it, dear Fanny, and call it Pecksy? I hope it will be a happier little Pecksy than the last."—p. 255.



# NORMAN VALLERY;

OR,

## HOW TO OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.



### CHAPTER I.

JUST COME FROM INDIA.

“**A**RE they really coming to-morrow, granny?” exclaimed Fanny Vallery, a fair, blue-eyed, sweet-looking girl, as she gazed eagerly at the face of Mrs. Leslie, who was seated in an arm-chair, near the drawing-room window. “Oh, how I long to see papa, and mamma, and dear little Norman! I have thought, and thought so much about them; and India is so far off it seemed as if they would never reach England.”

“Your mamma writes me word from Paris that they hope to cross the Channel to-night, and be here early in the afternoon,” answered Mrs. Leslie, looking at the open letter which she held in her hand. “I too long to see your dear mamma; and had it not been for you, my own darling, I should have missed her



even more than I have done ; but you have ever been a good, obedient, loving child, and my greatest comfort during her absence."

Mrs. Leslie, as she spoke, drew her grandchild towards her, and kissed her brow.

Fanny said nothing, but, pressing the hand which held hers, turned her eyes towards her grandmamma's face, while the consciousness that the praise was not wrongly bestowed, caused a bright gleam of pleasure to pass over her countenance.

Mrs. Leslie, who had brought up Fanny from her infancy, lived in a pretty villa a few miles from London, surrounded by shrubberies, with a lawn and beautifully-kept flower-garden in front. On one side was a poultry-yard, over which Fanny presided as the reigning sovereign ; and even Trusty, the spaniel, who considered himself if not the ruler at all events the guardian of the rest of the premises, when he ventured into her domain always followed humbly at her heels, never presuming to interfere with her feathered subjects. More than once he had been known to turn tail and fly as if for his life when Phœbe, the bantam hen, with extended neck and outspread wings had run after him, as he had by chance approached nearer to her brood of fledglings than she had approved of.

Fanny with her fowls, Trusty, and Kitty, the tortoiseshell cat ; and her doll, which had a house of its own fitted with furniture ; and, more than all, with the consciousness of her granny's affection, considered



herself one of the happiest little girls in existence. Everybody in the house, indeed, loved her; and she was kind, and gentle, and loving to every one in return.

Her mamma—Mrs. Leslie's only daughter—had married Captain Vallery, an officer in the Indian army, while he was at home on leave, and had accompanied him to the East. She returned three or four years afterwards, in consequence of ill health, bringing with her little Fanny, who, when she went back to her husband, was left under charge of her mother, Mrs. Leslie.

Great as was Mrs. Vallery's grief at parting from her child, she well knew, from her own experience, with what wise and loving care she would be brought up.

Captain Vallery was of a French Protestant family, but having been partly educated in England, and having English relations, he had entered the British army. He was considered an honourable and brave officer, and was a very kind husband, but Mrs. Vallery discovered that he had certain peculiar notions which were not likely to make him bring up his children as she would desire. One of his notions was, that boys especially, in order to develop their character, as he said, should always be allowed to have their own way.

“But, my dear husband,” she pleaded, “suppose that way should prove to be a bad way, what then will be the consequence?”

“Oh, but our little Norman is a perfect cherub,



surely he can have nothing bad about him, and I must insist that no one curbs his fine and noble temper, lest his young spirit should be broken and irretrievably ruined," answered Captain Vallery. "I say, let the boy have his own way, and you will see what a fine fellow he will become."

Mrs. Vallery sighed—she knew that it would be useless to contend with her husband, though she feared, should his plan be persevered in, it would entail many a severe trial on her boy in future years.

Of this Mrs. Leslie had some suspicions, though Fanny, who had pictured her little brother as all she could wish him to be, looked forward with unmitigated pleasure to having him as her companion.

With eager interest she assisted Susan, the housemaid, in preparing the rooms for the expected guests; for she was a notable little woman, and she had been encouraged by her grandmamma to busy herself in household matters. She with much taste arranged the bouquets in the vases on her mamma's dressing-table, and then she went into the little room next her own, in which Norman was to sleep, and placed some flowers in that also, as well as three or four of her prettiest picture-books, which she had carefully preserved, thinking that they might amuse him. Gently, too, she smoothed down his pillow, and, after everything was in order, went back delighted to make her report to granny.

How her heart beat when a carriage drove up to the door, with a gentleman and lady in it, whom



she knew must be her papa and mamma, while on the coach box was seated a young boy. "What a fine, noble, little fellow he is," she thought to herself, as the boy scrambled down without waiting for the assistance of any one.

The next instant she scarcely knew what was happening—every one seemed so full of confused delight. She felt that she was in her mother's arms, who, still holding her, threw herself into those of granny. Then her papa, a fine, handsome gentleman, took her up and kissed her again and again; and next, she saw the little boy who had come in with a whip in his hand; she sprang towards him exclaiming, "You are Norman!" and, following the impulse of heart, covered his face with kisses.

"Yes, that's my name," answered the boy, "and you are the sister Fanny I was told I should see; and is that old woman there granny? Will she want to kiss me as you have done? I hope she won't, for I do not choose to be treated as a baby."

Happily Mrs. Leslie did not hear these remarks; they grieved Fanny sorely.

"Oh but dear granny will love you as she does me, and you must come to her as I am sure she wants to see you," she whispered gently. "Then you shall go out with me, and I will show you my poultry and Trusty and all sorts of things, which I am sure you will like."

"Come along then," said Norman, "I shall like to see the things you talk of."



“Not surely till you have spoken to granny, but afterwards I will gladly take you,” said Fanny, and she led him up to Mrs. Leslie.

Though his grandmamma kissed him several times, he behaved better than might have been expected, restraining for a wonder his impatience, somewhat awed perhaps by the dignified manner of the old lady.

“And now, Fanny, I am ready to see what you have got to show me,” he exclaimed, as Mrs. Leslie taking her daughter’s arm led her into the drawing-room.

Captain Vallery cast a proud glance at his two beautiful children as hand in hand they ran upstairs.

“Here is my doll’s house,” said Fanny, as she led Norman into her neat bed-chamber; “see, it has a drawing-room, with sofas and chairs and looking-glasses, and a dining-room, with a long table and plates and dishes and knives and forks on it; and this is the kitchen, with its stove and pots and pans; and here is the bedroom, where little Nancy sleeps. She is a dear good child, and never cries, but as I have had her for a long time, she is not as pretty as she used to be. I tell granny that she was a poor neglected little orphan, and that she came begging at the door one day, and as she had no one to look after her, I took her in, and that is the reason she has so many knocks and bruises.”

Fanny, as she spoke, drew out a small doll, dressed in a cotton frock, from the doll’s house, and held it up to Norman.

“It does look just like a wretched beggar child,” he observed; “I wonder you can care for such a thing.



If I were you I should throw it out of the window, and tell papa he must get another much prettier, dressed like a fine lady, who would be fit to walk out with you, and you need not be ashamed of, as I should think you must be of Nancy, as you call her."

"Oh, but I love Nancy very much," said Fanny; she and I have known each other very many years, and I would not throw her away on any account. If I ever get a finer doll, I can let Nancy attend on her, I am sure she will be very glad to do that, for she is not a bit proud, and wishes, I am sure, to be a good girl and please everybody."

"You may think more of her than I do," remarked Norman, "and now, as I am not a baby, and do not care about dolls, won't you show me some of the other things you talk of?"

"Oh yes!" said Fanny, "I will take you to my poultry-yard, but I must carry Nancy with me as she has not been out all day, and she will like to see me feed my hens. They are all very fond of me, and I hope they will learn to know you, Norman, too, and come when you call them, and eat out of your hand, as they do out of mine, especially Thisbe, who is the tamest of all, and the fondest of me."

"I do not know that I care about cocks and hens and those sort of creatures, but I will go with you," answered Norman, tucking his whip under his arm and accompanying Fanny.

"O Miss Fanny," said Susan, whom they met on the way with a china vase in her hand, "your grand-



mamma says that your papa is fond of flowers, and that we ought to have put some on the mantelpiece of his dressing-room. Will you come and help me to pick them, and will you arrange them, as you can do so beautifully?"

Fanny gladly undertook to do as Susan asked her, and told Norman that after she had picked the flowers she would take him into the poultry-yard. Putting down her doll with her back against a clump of box, she, with a smile at her own conceit, begged him while she was engaged to try and amuse Nancy by telling her something about India or his voyage home. "Stuff!" he replied in a grumpy tone, and turned away, while his sister began to pick the flowers. One side of the yard, composed of trellis work, it should be said, was close to the garden, so that the fowls running about within could easily be seen through the bars. A door, also of trellis work, opened from the garden into the yard.

Norman though he did not care much about seeing the poultry, felt vexed and angry that Susan should venture to draw off his sister's attention from himself, and stood with his finger in his mouth watching them as they were engaged in picking the flowers.

The hens which had espied their young mistress, had gathered near the side of the yard, and Thisbe, Fanny's favourite hen, was making strenuous efforts to get out. Norman had strolled up to the door, and finding that he could lift the latch opened it, and out ran Mistress Thisbe. Fanny, not observing what had



happened just then, called to Norman, and asked him to hold the vase, that she might arrange the flowers within it. He had taken it in his hands, when at that moment Trusty, who had been snuffing about the rooms, not perfectly satisfied as yet that the newly arrived strangers had a right to enter them, espying Fanny in the garden came bounding towards her. He gave vent as he saw Norman to a short bark, as much as to ask, "Who are you?" but Norman, not accustomed to dogs in India, and already in no very amiable mood, became alarmed, and dashing the vase at Trusty's head, seized his whip, with which he began lashing about in all directions at everybody and everything he saw near him.

Susan seeing his alarm rushed forward, intending to assist him, but what between anger and fear his temper was now fairly aroused, and instead of thanking her, he turned round and bestowed on her a lash with his whip, which made her run off to call Mrs. Vallery, thinking that his mamma would be better able to manage him than she could.

His gentle sister came in for the next assault of his blind rage, and she fled with her doll, which she had snatched up in her arms, feeling that the wisest thing just then to do was to get out of his way.

Trusty, unaccustomed to the blows which Norman now liberally bestowed, scampered off in one direction, while Thisbe the hen took to flight in another, and the young gentleman remained as he believed himself the victor of the field, shouting out:—



“I will have no one interfere with me, either maid-servants or dogs or fowls: I will soon show who is master here!” and again he shouted and bawled and waved his whip.

Poor Fanny who had never before seen a person in a passion, stood by trembling at a little distance while Master Norman walked up and down shouting out that he would whip any one who came in his way, and that the ugly dog would soon learn what to expect if he dared to bark at him again. Fanny entreated him to be quiet.

“I am sure Trusty had no wish to frighten you, Norman,” she said, “if you will keep your whip quiet and call to him he will come up wagging his tail and soon be friends with you.”

Norman, however, instead of doing as his sister advised, flourished his whip more vehemently and shouted louder than ever, walking up and down and trampling on the flowers which had been scattered on the ground.

In the meantime Susan had reached the drawing-room where Mrs. Vallery was reclining on the sofa to rest after the fatigue of her journey.

“Please marm,” said Susan as she entered, “I am sorry to say that the young gentleman is in such a tantrum that I do not know what to do with him, and I am afraid he will make himself ill. He won’t listen to his sister or to me, but if you will just come and speak to him, perhaps he will be quiet.”

“If you will excuse me, mamma, I will go to the poor child,” said Mrs. Vallery rising.



“Could you not let Susan bring him here? He of course will come if she tells him that you have sent for him,” observed Mrs. Leslie.

“I am afraid that he might refuse,” answered Mrs. Vallery, “he is not always as obedient as I could desire.”

Mrs. Vallery hurried out to Norman.

“My dear child, what is the matter?” she exclaimed, as she saw him still flourishing his whip and looking very angry and red in the face.

“The hen flew at me, and the dog barked, and I threw the jar at their heads, and Fanny has been scolding ever since, and I will not stand it,” shouted Norman.

“Come in with me, my dear child,” said Mrs. Vallery soothingly. “I am sure Fanny did not intend to scold you.”

“Indeed, I did not, mamma,” cried Fanny, running up and kissing Norman. Trusty barked only in play, and I am sure would not hurt him for the world. You must make friends with Trusty, Norman, and he will then do anything you tell him, and will never bark at you again.”

At length Norman, becoming calmer, consented to accompany his mamma into the house. Fanny ran upstairs and brought down one of the picture-books with the pictures, in which she tried to amuse him by telling him stories about them, for she found that he was unable to read the descriptions which were placed below them, or on the opposite pages.



At last she saw that he had fallen asleep in the arm-chair on which he was seated, so she put a cushion under his head that he might rest more comfortably, and finding that he was not likely to awake, she stole out that she might gather some more flowers instead of those which had been scattered on the ground when Norman broke the vase, and which he had trampled on while he was angrily stamping about on the gravel walk.

She watched for an opportunity while her papa was out of his room, and placed the fresh bouquet on his mantelpiece.

The day passed away without any other adventure, and as Norman having slept but little on board the steamer was very tired, Mrs. Vallery carried him up to bed at an early hour.

“Now, my dear child, kneel down and say your prayers,” she said when she had undressed him.

“No, I won’t!” answered Norman, “I am too tired, I want to go to sleep.”

His mamma knew that it would be useless to argue with him, so with a sigh she placed him in his bed, and kneeling down, prayed that God would change him, for her love did not prevent her from seeing that his present heart was hard and bad, and that none of the qualities she desired him to possess could spring out of it.

She sat by his bed-side till he was asleep, and then went back to Mrs. Leslie.

Sweet Fanny felt sadly hurt and disappointed at the



behaviour of her young brother, whom she had naturally expected to find as loving, and gentle, and ready to be pleased as she was. She consoled herself, however, with the thought that he was tired and out of sorts after his long journey, and hoped that the next day he would become more amiable and more like what she had fancied him to be.

Sleep soon visited her eyelids and as she was a brisk active little girl, she was awake betimes.

She had said her prayers and read a chapter in the Bible, which she did every morning to herself, and was waiting for Susan to assist her in putting on her frock when her mamma came into her room.

“My dear Fanny, I shall be so much obliged to you if you will assist Norman to dress; I am afraid that I shall be late for breakfast if I attempt to do so, as he is apt to dawdle over the business when I go to him,” said Mrs. Vallery, giving her a kiss and admiring her fresh and blooming countenance. “He has been awake for some time, and as he does not know how to amuse himself he may perhaps be doing some mischief,” she continued. He misses his ayah, his native nurse, who declined accompanying us farther than Alexandria, so you must be prepared to find him a little troublesome, but I hope he will improve.”

“Oh, I shall be delighted, mamma, to help Norman, and I daresay I shall have nothing to complain of,” answered Fanny, and without waiting to put on her frock she accompanied her mamma to the door of Norman’s room.



“You will be a good boy, and let Fanny help you dress, my dear,” said Mrs. Vallery, putting in her head.

Fanny entered as her mamma withdrew, and having kissed Norman, arranged his clothes in readiness to put them on. She then poured out some water for him to wash his face.

“Shall I help you?” she asked, getting a towel ready.

“No, I can do it myself,” he answered, snatching the towel from her hand. “I don’t like to have my nose rubbed up the wrong way, and my eyes filled with soapsuds. I can wash my face as much as it wants. It isn’t dirty, I should think,” and dipping a corner of the towel in the water he began to dab himself all over with it cautiously as if he was afraid of rubbing off his skin.

“There, that will do,” he said, drying himself much in the same fashion. “I am ready to put on my clothes.”

“But you have not washed your neck or shoulders at all,” said Fanny, “and if you will let me, and bend down your head over the basin, I will pour the water upon it and give you a pleasant shower-bath this warm morning.”

“I have washed enough, and do not intend to wash any more,” answered Norman in a determined tone. “Where is my vest?”

Fanny, seeing that it would be useless to contend further on that point, assisted him to dress, and buttoned or tied the clothes which required buttoning or tying.



When, however, she brought him his stockings, he took it into his head that he would not put them on.

“I can do very well without them,” he exclaimed, throwing himself into an arm-chair.

“There, you stand by my side, and wait till I want you to help me, just as my ayah used to do—the wicked old thing would not come on with us because I one day spit at her and called her a name she did not like. I can talk Hindostanee as well as English, I suppose you can’t,” and Master Norman uttered some words which sounded in Fanny’s ears very much like gibberish.

She waited patiently for some minutes, hoping that her brother would let her finish his toilet. At last, knowing that it was nearly time for her to go down and make the tea, she brought his stockings and attempted to put one of them on.

“I told you to wait till I was ready,” he exclaimed, and as she determined if possible on this occasion not to be defeated, stooped down to draw on one of his stockings. He seized her by her hair, and began belabouring her with the other which he had snatched out of her hand.

Fanny, supposing him to be in play, persevered in her efforts, but he continued to pull and pull at her hair, and to beat her about the shoulders so vehemently that he began to hurt her very much. She at first only laughed and cried out,—

“Pray be quiet, Norman, I shall have the stocking on in a moment.”



But as her brother pulled more savagely, she could with difficulty help shrieking from the pain he inflicted.

“My dear Norman, do let go my hair,” she exclaimed, “you are really hurting me very much.”

“I know I am, and I intend to do so. I want to show you the way I treated my ayah when she dared to do anything I did not like, and I do not choose to let you meddle with my feet. When I want to put on my stockings I will put them on myself,” and Norman pulled and kicked and struggled so much that Fanny thought it would be wiser to give up attempting to draw on the stocking in the hopes that he would then release her hair from the grasp of his fingers. He was, however, in one of his evil moods, and, believing that he had gained a victory, instead of acting the part of a generous conqueror, he cruelly continued to tug at her hair till poor Fanny could no longer help shrieking out, “Let me go ! let me go, Norman !”

She might, to be sure, have grasped his arms, and holding them have released herself by force, but the idea of doing so did not enter her gentle heart, for in the attempt she must have inflicted pain, and she was ready to suffer anything rather than do that.

Her shrieks brought Susan, who had come up to fasten her frock, into the room, and she, not at all approving of the way her favourite, Miss Fanny, was being treated, quickly grasped the young gentleman's wrists, and made him open his fingers and release his sister's hair.

“You naughty boy, how dare you behave in this



way?" she exclaimed indignantly, "I will take you to your mamma this moment if you do not behave better, and do as you are told."

"You had better not, or I will pull your hair, and make you wish you had let me alone," exclaimed Norman, throwing himself back in the chair, and holding on to its arms to prevent Susan from lifting him up.

"Pray allow him to remain here, Susan, and I dare say he will let me finish dressing him. He did not hurt me so very much, but I was frightened, not expecting him to behave in that way, and so I could not help crying out for a moment," said Fanny. "You will be good now, Norman, won't you? and finish dressing, and be ready to go down to breakfast."

The young gentleman made no answer, but sat as if rooted in the chair, looking defiantly at Susan and his sister.

"I see what we must do, young gentleman," said Susan, who was a sensible woman, possessing herself of the stockings which had fallen on the ground, "we must put an end to this nonsense."

Suddenly jerking up Master Norman, she seated herself in the chair, and pressing down his arms so that he could not reach her, she quickly drew on first one stocking and then the other.

"Now, Miss Fanny, please hand me the shoes," and though Norman tried to kick she held his little legs and put them on.

"Now your hair must be put to rights, young gentleman. It is in a pretty mess with your struggles.



Hand me the brush please, Miss Fanny!" and while she held down his arms, though he moved his head from side to side, she managed dexterously to arrange his rich curly locks.

"Has he washed his hands?" asked Susan.

Fanny shook her head.

"No, I have not, and I don't intend to do so," growled Norman.

"We shall soon see that," cried Susan, dragging him to the basin; "there, take care you don't upset it," and forcing his hands into the water, she covered them well with soap.

Norman was so astonished at the whole proceeding, that he forgot to struggle, and only looked very red and angry. Susan made him rub his hands together till all the soap was washed off, and then dried them briskly with the towel.

"There, we have finished the business for you, young gentleman," she said, as she released the boy, of whom she had kept a firm hold all the time.

"Now, we will put on your jacket and handkerchief, and you will be ready to go downstairs, but before you go just let me advise you not again to beat your sister in the way you did just now, or I will not let you off so easily."

"Oh, pray do not be angry with him, Susan," said Fanny, "he will I hope let me help him to dress to-morrow, and behave like a good boy."

"No, I won't," growled Norman, "as soon as I see my papa I will tell him how that horrid woman has



treated me, and he will soon send her about her business."

Susan wisely did not reply to the last observation, but quietly made the young gentleman put on his jacket, and then fastened his collar, and tied his handkerchief round his neck.

"There, you will do now," she said, surveying him with an expression in which pity was mingled with admiration, for he was indeed a handsome child, and she thought how grievous it would be that he should be spoilt by being allowed to have his own way. She then, lifting him up, suddenly placed him again in the chair and said, "Sit quiet, young gentleman, and try and get cool and nice to go down, and see your grand-mamma. We are not accustomed to have angry faces in this house, and what is more we won't have them." "Now come, Miss Fanny, I will help you to finish dressing."

Saying this she signed to Fanny to go out of the room, and, closing the door, locked the young gentleman in.

As soon as she had put on Fanny's frock and shoes, and arranged her hair, she went back to release Norman, whom she found still seated in the chair, in sullen dignity, with the angry frown yet on his countenance.

Susan said nothing, but taking his hand led him down after Fanny, to the door of the breakfast-room. He went in willingly enough, for he was very hungry and wanted his breakfast, but the angry frown on his brow had not vanished.



“Good morning, my dear,” said his grandmamma, who was already there, and had just kissed Fanny, who sprang forward to meet her.

Norman did not answer, but stood near the door, pouting his lips, while he kept his fists doubled by his side.

“What is the matter with him, my dear Fanny?” asked Mrs. Leslie.

His sister did not like to tell their grandmamma of his behaviour, so instead of replying, she ran to him and tried to lead him forward.

“I want my breakfast,” muttered Norman.

“You will have it directly your mamma comes down, and prayers are over,” said Mrs. Leslie quietly. “Come my dear, and give me a kiss, as your sister does every morning, you know that you are my grandchild as well as she is, and that I wish to love you as I do her.”

“I don’t care about that, I want my breakfast,” exclaimed Norman, breaking away from Fanny, and going towards the table, to help himself to some rolls he saw on it.

Fanny greatly ashamed at his behaviour, again endeavoured to lead him up to his grandmamma, but he, tearing his hands from hers, kicked out at her, and ran back to the table.

Just then Mrs. Vallery entered the room and affectionately embracing her mother, drew her attention for a moment away from her grandchild. Norman took the opportunity of seizing one of the rolls, which he began stuffing into his mouth. His mother, though



she saw him, and felt somewhat ashamed of his behaviour made no remark, for she knew what the consequences would be should she interfere.

“I am so much obliged to you, Fanny,” she said, “for dressing your brother. I hope he behaved well.”

Fanny would not tell an untruth, but she did not wish to complain of Norman, so she hung down her head, as if she herself had done something wrong.

Mrs. Leslie suspected that Norman had not behaved well, but she remained silent on the subject as Mrs. Vallery did not repeat the question.

Fanny, having made the tea, rang the bell and the servants, as usual, came in to prayers. Norman not being interfered with, kept munching away at the hot roll, and did not relinquish it when his mamma took him up, and placed him on a chair by her side. All the time Mrs. Leslie was reading the sound of his biting the crisp crust was heard, while he sat casting a look of defiance at Susan, whose eye he saw was resting on him.

When they were seated at the table, Mrs. Vallery apologised to his grandmamma for his conduct, observing that he was very hungry, as he was accustomed to have his breakfast as soon as he was up.

“We must let Susan give it him, then, another morning,” observed Mrs. Leslie; “she will, I am sure, be very glad to attend to him in her room.”

“I won’t eat anything that woman gives me,” growled Norman, looking up from the roll and pat of fresh butter which his mamma had given him; she is



a nasty old thing ; and if she tries to put on my stockings and wash my hands again, I will beat her as I did my ayah, and will soon show her who is master."

"I thought you dressed your brother this morning, Fanny," observed Mrs. Vallery.

"So I did, mamma, but Susan came in to help me, though I hope to-morrow Norman will let me dress him entirely," answered Fanny, determined if possible not to speak of her brother's misconduct, and hoping by loving-kindness to overcome his evil temper.

Mrs. Leslie wondered how a child of her gentle daughter's could behave as Norman was doing.

"You will arrange about his breakfast as you think best, Mary," she said ; "but I hope that if Susan is kind enough to attend to him, he will be grateful to her. She is a faithful and excellent servant, and, of course, will expect to be obeyed and treated with respect by a little boy."

A peculiar shake of the head which Norman gave, showed that he had no intention of following his grandmamma's wishes.

Captain Vallery coming in, no further remark on the subject was made.

Having saluted his mother-in-law and daughter, and given Norman an affectionate pat on the head, he sat down to breakfast. Fanny having given him a cup of tea, and helped him to an egg and toast, and offered him other things on the table, he began to talk in his usual animated way, so that Norman, who wanted to make a complaint against Susan in his presence, was



unable to get in a word. Fanny, who, guessing his intentions, was on the watch, whenever she saw that he was about to speak offered him a little more bread, or honey, or milk, anxiously endeavouring to prevent him saying anything which she considered would bring disgrace upon himself, by making his misconduct known. Happily for her affectionate design, Captain Vallery had to go up to London, and as soon as breakfast was over, kissing her and Norman, without listening to the mutterings of the latter, he hurried off to catch the train.





## CHAPTER II.

### IN PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

**A**LADY came every morning to teach Fanny, but Mrs. Leslie had begged that she might have a holiday in consequence of her papa's and mamma's arrival, and that she might have more time to play with her little brother.

Fanny had been anxiously considering how she could best amuse him.

“What should you like to do, Norman?” she asked, putting her arm affectionately round his neck. “You see I am a girl, and perhaps I may like many things that you will not care about. Let me consider. We can arrange my doll's house, or we can play at paying visits; and I have two battledores and a shuttlecock, which I will teach you how to use; and then you must come out and help me to feed my chickens. I have also a garden of my own, and I am sure granny will let you have a piece of ground near it, or else you shall have part of mine, and you can learn how to keep it neat and pretty. And whenever you like you can have a game at romps with Trusty. You must



make friends with him to-day ; and if you call him by his name and give him a piece of meat, which I will get from the cook for you, and pat his head, he will soon learn to know you. But you must not frighten him with your whip, or he will run away from you. He used to be beaten when he was naughty, but then he was a little puppy, and did not know better ; but now he never does anything wrong, and if he was ever so hungry, and was told to guard the things in the larder, or on the dining-room table, from the cat, he would not touch the nicest dish himself, and would take care that neither the cat nor any other dog came near them."

"I do not care about any of the things you speak of," answered Norman. "I want my whip, and I think Susan has hid it for fear I should beat her, and I intend to do so if she dares to treat me like a baby. I will beat Trusty too, if he barks at me—you'll see if I don't—and he will soon find out who is master. I am a brave boy, papa says so, and I want to be a man as soon as I can."

"But brave and good boys do not beat either women or dogs, and I hope you wish to be good as well as brave," said Fanny gently.

"So I am, when I have my own way," exclaimed Norman, "and my own way I intend to have, that I can tell you. Now, Fanny, go and find my whip, or make Susan give it to you if she has got it, and if she will not, tell her that my papa will make her when he comes home."



“Fanny, wishing to please her brother, and not believing that he would really make a bad use of his whip, hunted about for it, but in vain. She then went and asked Susan if she had got it.

Susan replied that she knew nothing about the whip, and had last seen it by the side of the young gentleman when he had fallen asleep in the arm-chair.

On hearing this, Norman marched into the drawing-room, expecting to find his whip in the place where he was supposed to have left it, but it was not there. He searched about in all directions, as Fanny had done in vain. He saw his grandmamma following him with her eyes, but he could not bring himself to ask her if she knew where his whip was, and she did not speak to him. At last, losing patience, he ran out of the room, and joined Fanny in the garden.

“Somebody has my whip, and I will find out who it is,” he muttered angrily, “I am not going to have my things taken away. But I say, Fanny, cannot you come out with me and buy another, I must have one just like the last, and I will try it on Trusty’s back if he comes barking at me again.”

“I cannot possibly take you out without granny’s or mamma’s leave, and you must not think of buying another whip to beat Trusty, I had just been thinking of asking cook to give you some small pieces of meat, and I will go at once and get them, then you must call Trusty, and when he comes to you, you must give him a piece at a time and pat his head and he will wag his tail. and you will be friends with him in a few minutes.



“I would rather not have him come near me unless I have my whip to beat him if he tries to bite me,” said Norman.

“Oh, he will not bite you,” answered Fanny, and she ran to the kitchen where she got some bits of meat from the cook and brought them to her brother.

She soon found Trusty who was lying down on the rug in the dining-room, and followed her out into the garden.

“Call Trusty, Trusty, and show him a piece of meat,” she cried to her brother.

Norman with some hesitation in his tone called to the dog as Fanny bade him, and Trusty ran up wagging his tail. Instead of holding the meat and letting Trusty take it, which he would have done gently, Norman nervously threw the meat towards him, Trusty caught it, and putting up his nose and wagging his tail drew nearer; Norman instead of giving a piece at a time as Fanny had told him to do, fancying that the dog was going to snatch it from him, threw the whole handful on the ground and retreated several paces. Trusty began quickly to gobble up the meat.

“Oh, you should have given him bit by bit,” said Fanny.

As soon as Trusty had finished he ran forward expecting to get some more, when Norman fancying that the dog was going to bite him, took to his heels and ran off screaming, while Trusty bounded playfully after him thinking that he was running, as Fanny often did, to amuse him.



“Stop the horrid dog! he is going to kill me, stop him, stop him!” screamed Norman as he ran towards the house.

In vain Fanny called to Trusty and ran to catch him, he kept leaping up, however, hoping to get some more meat from the little boy who had, as he fancied, treated him so generously.

The cries of Norman brought out his mamma.

“The naughty dog is going to bite me, and Fanny is encouraging him. Save me, mamma, save me!” he exclaimed, as he threw himself into Mrs. Vallery’s arms.

“Fanny, what is the matter,” she asked, “it is very naughty of you to let the dog frighten your little brother.”

Sweet gentle Fanny feeling how innocent she was of any such intention burst into tears.

“Indeed, dear mamma, I only tried to get Norman to play with Trusty and to make friends with him, I did not for a moment think he would be frightened,” and she ran forward and tried to kiss her brother in order to soothe him, but he now believed himself safe from the dog, who sagaciously perceiving that something was wrong had stopped jumping, and lay quietly on the ground, and as she approached he received her with a box on the ears.

“Take that for setting the dog at me,” he exclaimed maliciously.

Fanny stood hanging down her head as if she had been guilty, but really feeling ashamed of her brother’s behaviour.



“That was very naughty of you, Norman,” said Mrs. Vallery, holding back the young tyrant, who was endeavouring again to strike his sister.

She then carried him into the drawing-room ; Fanny followed her without a thought of vindicating herself, but wished to try and calm her young brother and to assure him that Trusty was only in play.

His mamma sat down with him on her knee. Mrs. Leslie inquired whether he had hurt himself.

“He has been frightened by the dog, and says that Fanny set the animal at him,” answered Mrs. Vallery.

“That is impossible,” observed Mrs. Leslie, “Fanny could not have done anything of the sort.”

“She is a cruel thing, and wants the dog to bite me,” growled out Norman in a whining tone, still half crying.

“I will answer for it that Fanny is much more likely to have tried to prevent the dog from frightening you, for I am sure that he would not bite you. Come here, Fanny, I know that you will speak the truth.”

Fanny felt grateful to her grandmamma for her remark, and explained exactly what had occurred.

Mrs. Vallery was convinced that she was innocent, and Norman was at last persuaded to return with her into the garden. Fanny talked to him gently, and tried to make him forget his fright.

“Come to the tool-house where I keep my spade and hoe and rake. There is a little spade which I used to use, it will just suit you, and we will go and arrange the garden you are to have,” she said as they went along.



“That is an old thing you have done with,” growled Norman scornfully, as she gave him the little spade, “I must have a new one of my own.”

“I hope papa will give you one,” she answered quietly, “but in the meantime will you not use this?”

Norman took it, eyeing it disdainfully, but Fanny, making no remark, led the way to the plot of ground the gardener had laid out for them. One part of it was full of summer flowers, the other half she had left uncultivated that Norman might have the pleasure of digging it up and putting in seeds and plants.

“You have taken good care to make your own garden look pretty,” he observed, as he eyed her portion of the plot. “What am I to do with that bare place?”

Fanny told him what her object had been, and offered to help him. She had got several pots with nice plants, which there was still time to put in, and a number of seeds of autumn flowers. These she promised to give to him as soon as the ground was fit for their reception. She began digging away in her usual energetic manner, and he for a time tried to imitate her, but he soon grew tired.

“There, you can dig away by yourself,” he said, “just as the natives do in India in the plantations, and I will look on like an owner, and watch that you do your work properly,” and he leant back with his arms folded, as he thought, in a very dignified way.

Fanny dug on for some time. At last she stopped and said, laughing,—



“Now it is your turn to work, and mine to watch you.”

“I do not want to dig,” he answered, “I am going to be an officer like papa, and have others to obey me.”

Just then the gardener came by, and seeing Fanny digging away and making herself very hot, promised her that in the evening he would put the ground to rights. As she found that Norman was not disposed to garden, she invited him to have a game of battledore and shuttlecock on the lawn.

They had played for half-an-hour, and he seemed to be more amused than he had been with anything else. While they were in the garden Mrs. Vallery had been unpacking her trunks, and wishing to show Fanny a dress she had brought from Paris for her, called her in. Norman said he would remain out and play by himself.

Some time was occupied in admiring the beautiful frock and in trying on some boots and other things. How grateful did she feel to her mamma as she kissed her again and again, and thanked her for bringing her so many pretty things. Though she would have liked to have stopped and admired them again and again, she did not forget Norman.

“I am afraid he will be growing dull by himself, mamma,” she said, “I will go out and try to amuse him. I see that he has gone away from the lawn and has left the battledore on the grass.”

Fanny, putting on her bonnet, went out to look for Norman. To her surprise, after searching about for



some time, she saw him digging, as she thought, on his plot of ground.

“Oh, I am so glad that he is trying to amuse himself in that way,” she said to herself, “he will now learn to like gardening, I hope.”

On reaching the spot, however, she stood aghast, for Norman, instead of working in his own part of the ground, was digging away in hers, and had already uprooted nearly all her beautiful flowers.

“I am going to put them into my ground,” he said, when he caught sight of her, “I do not see why you should have them all to yourself.”

“But, my dear Norman, they will not bear transplanting,” she answered, almost bursting into tears, as she surveyed the havoc he had committed, for many of her flowers were not only dug up, but broken and trampled on, and it was evident that he intended rather to destroy than remove them.

“Oh, do stop, Norman!” she cried out, “the gardener promised, you know, to put some flowers into your garden, and he knows how to do it properly.”

“He may do as he likes,” said Norman, throwing down his spade; “I have taught you a lesson, Miss Selfish, your garden is not much better than mine now.”

Fanny could no longer restrain her tears.

“O Norman!” she exclaimed, “it was not from selfishness I did not plant your garden, but I thought you would like to do it yourself, and that you would find pleasure in seeing flowers spring up which you had



put in. Indeed, indeed, Norman, you accuse me wrongfully."

"Well, at all events, we are even now," growled out the boy, walking up and down, and it is to be hoped feeling somewhat ashamed of himself, as he surveyed the mischief he had done.

"Granny and mamma will be so angry with him if they see it," thought Fanny, "I must try to put it to rights as far as I can," and while Norman stood by with an angry frown on his brow, she began to replace some of the least injured plants. While she was thus employed, Susan came to tell her and her brother that it was time to get ready for dinner, for Fanny in her agitation had not even heard the gong sound.

"Why, Miss Fanny, what has happened to your garden?" exclaimed Susan.

Fanny never told an untruth, but she was very anxious to shield her brother, for she knew how angry Susan would be with him if she discovered what he had done.

"Pray do not ask me, Susan," she answered, "John promised to put Norman's garden to rights this evening, and I daresay he will do mine at the same time, until after that we had better not look at it."

Susan guessed pretty correctly what had happened, but as Fanny had begged her not to ask questions, she refrained for her sake from doing so.

Fanny was going up to Norman to lead him towards the house, but he hung back, so Susan took him by the arm.



“Come along, young gentleman,” she said in the stern voice she knew how to assume, “you will require to wash your hands well after your gardening,” and she pointed back at the ground he had upturned. “Are you not ashamed of yourself?” she whispered. Fanny had run on a little way lest Susan should again ask questions. “If you are not ashamed you ought to be,” continued Susan, “your sweet sister is an angel, and I should like you just to ask yourself what you are.”

Norman though he threatened Susan behind her back stood in considerable awe of her in her presence, he therefore did not venture to reply, but as he hung somewhat behind her as she led him on, he made faces at her, which he knew she could not see.

Having washed his hands and brushed his hair she conducted him to the dining-room.

“Many a worse boy deserves his dinner more than you do,” she whispered, stopping before she took him in. “Eat yours with what appetite you can, but let me advise you to try and be sorry for the ungrateful way you have treated your sister, who has been so kind to you since you came into the house.”

Norman snatched his hand away from her, and with a glum countenance entered the dining-room. Walking up to the table he took his seat eyeing Fanny, who he suspected, judging by himself, had been telling their grandmamma and mamma what he had done. She, however, had not said a word about the matter. They were merely looking at him, wondering what made his countenance so sullen.



“I hope you have had a happy morning, Norman,” said his grandmamma, as she offered him some minced beef.

He made no reply.

“My dear, pray answer your grandmamma,” said Mrs. Vallery, for she had been directed never to order Norman to do anything.

Still he did not speak.

“My dear child do let me entreat you to make use of your tongue, your grandmamma spoke to you and asked if you had had a happy morning.”

“I never am happy, and am not likely to be with no one to try and amuse me,” growled out Norman.

“I am sure that your sister wishes to amuse you,” observed Mrs. Leslie, “and I shall be very glad to read to you, or to tell you stories such as I used to tell Fanny, when she was of your age, if you will come and sit by me and listen.”

“She is only a girl, and you are an old woman,” muttered Norman shovelling the mince meat into his mouth. “I want boys to play with me.”

“You will find plenty of boys to play with when you go to school, where I hope your papa will soon send you,” observed Mrs. Leslie, “but you will find that they do not treat you in the gentle way your sister does, and perhaps you will often wish that you had her again as a playmate.”

“We must have another game of battledore and shuttlecock on the lawn after dinner,” said Fanny,



“you seem to like that, and on one side it will be pleasant and shady.”

Norman finding that Fanny had not complained of the way he had treated her garden, became more amiable and agreed to her proposal.

Before going out, however, she persuaded him to sit quiet and listen to a story, which she told him out of one of her picture-books.

The children were playing on the lawn, when Captain Vallery appeared followed by a man carrying a large parcel. Norman went on throwing up the shuttlecock, but Fanny ran to her papa to welcome him with a kiss.

“I have got something for you both, will you like to come in and see the parcel opened,” he said taking it from the man and going into the house.

Hearing his papa's remark Norman followed him and Fanny, eager to learn what the parcel contained. Captain Vallery had placed it on a chair. While he was speaking to his wife and Mrs. Leslie, Norman ran up to it, and although he had not even spoken to his papa, began pulling away at the string.

“Ah, he is a zealous little fellow, he wishes to save me trouble,” observed Captain Vallery, and Fanny hoped that such was the motive which prompted Norman, though she wished he had shown greater pleasure at seeing their papa come back.

Mrs. Vallery at her husband's request now opened the parcel, which Norman notwithstanding his efforts had been unable to do. Among other articles which



he had brought for her and Mrs. Leslie, she drew out a long parcel carefully done up in silver paper.

“This I think must be for Fanny,” she said.

Fanny, her countenance beaming with pleasure, carefully unwrapped the parcel, and exhibited a beautiful doll with a wax head and shoulders and wax hands looking exactly, she thought, as if they were real flesh.

“Oh, thank you, papa, thank you,” she exclaimed running up and kissing him. “Look granny! look mamma! see what a lovely little girl she is, with such fair soft hair and such blue bright eyes, she must surely be able to see out of them.”

Mrs. Leslie and her mamma admired the doll, which was indeed a very handsome one, and very superior to poor Nancy.

“There, Norman, you will not be ashamed to walk out with her, I am sure,” she said. “But I hope Nancy will not think that she will make me forget her, for I should not like to hurt her feelings. What name shall we give her? for she would not like to be called ‘The New Doll,’ shall it be Emma or Julia or Lucy? I think Lucy is a very pretty name—shall she be called Lucy, granny? Norman do you like that name? it sounds so soft and so nice for a young lady doll as she is.”

Norman had been eyeing the doll with no pleasant feelings; he did not like that his sister should receive a present when he thought that there was none for him.



“You may call her Lucy, or whatever you fancy,” he answered gruffly, “boys like me do not care for dolls.”

“He is a fine, manly, little fellow,” observed Captain Vallery. “I have not forgotten you, though, Norman. Perhaps mamma will find something more to your taste in that large, round parcel,” and Mrs. Vallery drew out the package at which her husband pointed.

“There, Norman, that is the sort of thing a boy likes,” said the Captain, handing it to him.

Norman snatched at it eagerly, and, with the assistance of his papa, tore off the paper, and found within an enormous football covered with leather, which he could just manage to grasp with his arms.

“There, you will be able to play with that famously on the lawn,” said Captain Vallery, “and I must come out and join you. I used to be very fond of football when I was at school, and we must have some fine games together.”

Norman, instead of thanking his papa, hugged the football and made towards the door, eager to go out on the lawn and kick it about. At the same time, he looked with a jealous eye at Fanny’s beautiful doll, which she was fondly caressing. Though he had declared that he did not care for dolls, he could not help thinking it prettier than his own great, brown ball, and, as he had never been taught to restrain any of the evil feelings which rose in his heart, he at once began to be jealous of his sister, because the present



she had received was of more value than his. Still, he thought he should like to have a game with his ball, which, his papa told him, he was to kick from one end of the lawn to the other. Getting his hat, therefore, he told Fanny she must leave her doll, and come and play with him.

Fanny, ever anxious to please her brother, though longing to take Miss Lucy upstairs and introduce her to Nancy and to her doll's house, at once consented to go out with him into the garden. Placing her doll, therefore, carefully in her own little chair, and telling her she must sit very patiently and be a good girl till she came back, she put on her hat, which hung up in the hall, and ran out into the garden.

Norman had already put the ball on the grass, and had begun to kick at it. He kicked and kicked away utterly regardless of his sister, and when she attempted to join him, he told her to wait till he was tired.

"But papa said you were to kick it from one side, and I was to kick it from the other," she observed, "so we ought both to play at the same time."

Norman at last allowed her to kick the ball, and was angry because she sent it away from him, and he had to run after it before he could get another kick. Still, Fanny did not remonstrate, and tried to send the ball so that Norman could easily reach it.

At last Captain Vallery came out.

"I am glad to see you play so nicely together," he said; "pray go on."



“Oh do, papa, take my place,” exclaimed Fanny, “it will be much better fun for Norman, and you will show him how to play.”

Captain Vallery accordingly kicked the ball, and sent it flying high up into the air. Norman shouted with delight.

“That’s much better than Fanny can do,” he exclaimed, as his papa sent the ball up several times.

“What makes it fly up like that?”

“My feet, in the first place; but as it is filled with wind, it is very light, and rises easily,” answered the Captain. “You, in time, will be able to make it fly as high.”

“I should like to see the wind in it,” said Norman; and his papa laughed at his remark, which he thought very witty.

They continued playing for some time; Captain Vallery, proud of having a son to instruct, showing Norman how to kick the ball, and explaining the way in which real football is played by big boys.

“I wish I was a big boy, and I soon shall be, I hope, for then I shall have some one else besides a stupid girl to play with,” exclaimed Norman. “I would rather have her than you, though, because you kick the ball about more than I like, and I want to kick it all by myself.”

“You are an independent little fellow,” observed his father approvingly, instead of rebuking him for his rude remark.

Captain Vallery stood by, allowing Norman to kick



the ball backwards and forwards, which he did for some time, declaring on each occasion that if it reached either one side of the shrubbery or the other he had won the game—not a very difficult matter, considering that he had no one to oppose him.

At length, the gong sounding, Captain Vallery went in to dress for dinner, and Norman was left to play by himself, for, Fanny finding she was not wanted, had entered the house, and, after exhibiting her doll to Susan, had gone to her room to introduce Miss Lucy to Nancy and to her future abode.

Norman soon grew weary of being by himself, and with his big ball in his arms, wandered into the house. Making his way into the drawing-room, he there found among a number of Indian curiosities which had just been unpacked, and which his papa intended to hang up against the wall, a long knife. Though Norman was very forward in some things, and could talk better than many boys older than he was, yet he was very ignorant in others, but of that, like many more ignorant people, he was not aware. “I should like to see the wind papa told me was inside this big ball,” he said to himself; “perhaps there is something else besides wind, it feels pretty soft—I daresay I could easily cut it open with this knife and see.” He took the knife and examined it, “I must not do it here though, or they may be coming downstairs and stop me,” so tucking the knife under one arm, and holding the big ball in the other, he went along the passage and out at the garden door. He at first proposed



going to the further end of the garden, where he need have no fear of being interrupted, then he recollected his performance of the morning, and thought that the gardener might be there, and would scold him for digging up Fanny's plants, so instead of going there, he made his way along the side of the house, till he reached another door, which led to the larder.

"The cook won't be coming in here at this hour, as she is serving up the dinner, so I shall have the place all to myself!" he observed, thinking how clever he was.

He accordingly went in and closed the door.

"Now I shall soon find out what is inside my ball," he said chuckling and placing it on the ground. Putting one foot on it, to hold it steady, he began cutting away with the huge knife. The part of the weapon he used was not very sharp, and as the leather yielded, he at first made no impression; at last he made a dig at the ball with the point of the knife, which quickly penetrated it, producing a wide gash. Out rushed the wind faster and faster, as he pressed down his foot, till the coating of leather and the thin bladder inside had become perfectly flat. He took it up wondering at the result, and shook it and told it to get fat again, but all to no purpose. He felt very much inclined to cry, when somehow or other he discovered, that he had done a very foolish thing, but he was not accustomed to blame himself.

"Papa ought to have brought me a different sort of ball, which would not grow thin just because I happen to stick a knife into it," he muttered to himself.



Again he threw down what had once been a ball, and stamped on it, and abused it for not doing as he told it. At last he began to think that the knife, which he supposed was his grandmamma's, might be missed and that she would scold him for carrying it away. Taking up the leather therefore, and finding that no one was near, he returned. On his way seeing a thick bush, he threw the case into it—for he was somewhat ashamed of letting his father know the folly of which he had been guilty.

As no one had yet come down, he replaced the knife among the articles from which he had taken it, and ran up to his room. When he came back he found Fanny in the drawing-room reading, she told him that their granny and papa and mamma had gone in to dinner.

“Cannot you do something to amuse me?” he asked.

“Willingly,” she answered, putting aside her own book, and she read some stories to him out of one of the picture-books.

Susan came shortly to call the children to their tea, and they then went down to dessert in the dining-room.

“Well, my boy, are you inclined to have another game at football before you go to bed?” asked Captain Vallery.

“No,” answered Norman, not liking the question, “I do not want to play any more to-day.”

“I thought you seemed so pleased with your foot-



ball, that you would never get tired of it," observed Mrs. Vallery.

Norman made no answer.

The ladies rose from the table, and Captain Vallery soon joined them in the drawing-room, they then strolled out on to the lawn to enjoy the cool air of that lovely summer evening.

"Go and get your football, Norman," said Captain Vallery, "though you do not wish to play, I shall enjoy kicking it about to remind me of my schoolboy days."

Norman did not move.

"Go and get it, my dear, as your papa tells you," said Mrs. Leslie, vexed at her grandson's disobedience.

"I will go and get it—where did you leave it Norman," said Fanny.

"I do not know," he answered.

"I daresay I shall find it," said Fanny, supposing that her brother had left it in his room, or else in the hall.

She soon came back saying that she had hunted everywhere, but could not find it.

"I suppose the somebody who stole my whip, has taken that," growled Norman.

"My dear, no one in this house would I am sure steal anything," said Mrs Leslie, "but a friend, who considered that you would make a bad use of your whip, has undoubtedly put it out of your way. Do not let me hear you make that remark again."

"There are thieves everywhere," muttered Norman.



At that moment, Trusty was seen coming along one of the walks, dragging something brown, and tossing it playfully about. On he came till he reached the lawn.

“Why, Norman, I believe the dog has got your football, though he has managed to let the wind out of it,” exclaimed Captain Vallery.

“Oh, the thief, beat him, papa!” cried Norman.

“Oh, pray not!” exclaimed Fanny, “I am sure Trusty did not intend to hurt Norman’s ball,” cried Fanny, running forward and catching Trusty. “Give it up, sir, give it up, you do not know the mischief you have done,” she added.

“Oh, but he must have stolen it, and see he has made a great hole in it with his teeth!” exclaimed Norman.

Captain Vallery took up the football and examined it.

“The dog did not do this,” he said, pointing to the slit in the leather. “This was done by a sharp knife; we must not wrongfully accuse the dog, he must have found it in this condition; somebody else cut the hole.”

Norman grew very red; his papa looked at him.

“I suspect somebody wanted to see the wind which I told him was within it,” he observed.

Norman grew redder still.

“I thought so,” said Captain Vallery. “Did you cut the hole in your ball, Norman?” he asked sternly.

“I wanted to see the wind in it,” murmured Norman.

Now Captain Vallery, though he held some wrong



ideas about education, was a highly honourable man, and as every honourable man must do, he hated a falsehood, or any approach to a falsehood. He considered that what some people call white lies are black notwithstanding, and he knew in his heart that God hates them.

“Why did you say, then, that the dog had torn your ball, when you knew that you yourself cut it?” he asked. “I have never before punished you, but I intend to do so. I will not have a son of mine become a liar.” “My dear,” he said, turning to his wife, “take Norman in and put him to bed. I cannot look at him any more to-night.”

Mrs. Vallery took Norman by the hand and led him into the house.

Mrs. Leslie said nothing, but she was glad to find that her son-in-law considered it necessary to try and put a stop to one of the bad ways of his son. Perhaps he might in time find out that there were other bad ways of his which it would be as well to check.

Captain Vallery walked up and down on the lawn by himself for some time, considering how he should treat his son, and he began to reflect whether after all his system of allowing a boy to have his own way was likely to prove the best.





## CHAPTER III.

### CAN YOU FORGIVE IT ?

**N**EXT morning, when Norman came down to breakfast, his papa, instead of playfully addressing him, turned away his head and took no notice of his presence. Norman ate his breakfast in silence. Fanny looked very sad, she felt that her brother deserved punishment, and that it might teach him the necessity of speaking the truth. Still she could not bear the thoughts of her young brother being beaten, and from what her papa had said she believed he intended to do so. Her grandmamma had quoted the proverb of Solomon, "He that spareth the rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

"You are right, Mrs. Leslie," her papa had remarked, "I acknowledge the wisdom of the great king, and must follow his advice."

After breakfast Fanny's governess arrived, and Captain Vallery took his son up into his room. What happened there Norman did not divulge, but he looked very crestfallen during the rest of the morning. When



he met Fanny afterwards he told her that he did not intend to tell any more lies.

“I hope you will not do so,” said Fanny, “remember that God hates them even more than papa or anybody else can do, and He knows when you tell an untruth, although no human being may find it out.”

After dinner Norman appeared to have recovered his spirits, and Fanny took him out to play battledore and shuttlecock.

They were beginning to get tired, when Mrs. Leslie and their mamma came out.

“Come and walk with us, my dears,” said Mrs. Leslie, “I want to show your mamma the pretty garden you have cultivated so nicely, Fanny.”

Fanny would thankfully have prevented them from seeing her garden, for she knew that the way Norman had treated it would be discovered. Still she could not think how to avoid going, and she could only hope that the gardener had put it to rights, as he had promised to do.

Mrs. Leslie, wishing to gain her grandson's confidence, called to him, and taking his hand, led him on talking to him kindly; Fanny and her mamma followed at a little distance.

Mrs. Vallery interested Fanny by giving her accounts of India, but she was so anxious about her garden and the vexation her granny would feel at seeing it destroyed, that she could not listen as attentively as she otherwise would have done. She saw that Norman was walking on very unwillingly, and from time to



time making an effort to escape, but his grandmamma had no intention of letting him go.

At length Mrs. Leslie and Norman reached Fanny's garden.

"Why, my dear, what changes you have made !" she exclaimed, "and I see you have dug up nearly half of it."

Fanny ran forward. The gardener had begun to set it to rights, but had evidently been prevented from finishing the work. The two spades were stuck in the ground where Fanny and Norman had left them.

Fanny said nothing, she hoped that her brother would manfully confess what he had done, that she might then be better able to plead for him. Instead of doing so he snatched his hand away from that of his grandmamma and ran off along the walk. Fanny had then most reluctantly to confess that her brother had dug up her garden.

"Do not be angry with him, granny," she said, "he is very very young, and he thought I had ill-treated him by not making his garden as nice as mine was. He did not understand that I fancied he would like to arrange it himself, but John has promised to put it in order, and I hope to-morrow that mine will be as nice as ever, and that Norman's will be like it, so pray say no more to him about it."

"I will do as you wish, Fanny," answered Mrs. Leslie, "but I cannot allow your brother, young as he is, to behave in the same way again."

Mrs. Vallery was greatly grieved at discovering what



Norman had done, at the same time she was much pleased to hear the way Fanny pleaded for her young brother, and she could not resist stooping down and kissing her again and again while the tears came into her eyes.

“O mother! you have indeed made her all I can wish,” she said, turning to Mrs. Leslie.

“Not I, my dear Mary, I did but what God tells us to do in His Word; I corrected her faults as I discovered them, and have ever sought guidance from Him. But His Holy Spirit has done the work which no human person could accomplish.”

Norman, conscience-stricken, had hidden himself in the shrubbery. The rest of the party supposing that he had run into the house, continued their walk, and after taking a few turns in the shady avenue they went in-doors.

Mrs. Norton, Fanny's governess, having just then arrived she set to work on her lessons, while her mamma and Mrs. Leslie went to the drawing-room.

“I am afraid, mamma, that you must think Norman a very naughty boy,” said Mrs. Vallery, “I have spoken to him very often about his conduct, and as yet I see no improvement.”

“I have hopes that he will at all events learn that he must not tell stories,” observed Mrs. Leslie, “and if your husband takes the same means that he did this morning to teach him what is wrong he will by degrees learn what he must not do. It is far more difficult to teach a child what it ought to do, though I trust the



good example set by our dear Fanny will have its due effect, while we must continue to pray without ceasing that the heart of your child may be changed."

"I fear he has a very bad heart now," sighed Mrs. Vallery, "I am always in dread that he should do something wrong."

"All children have bad seeds in their hearts, and it is our duty by constant and careful weeding to root them out, and to impress also on the child from its earliest days the necessity of endeavouring to do so likewise. The child is not excused as it gains strength and knowledge if it does not perform its own part in the work," observed Mrs. Leslie. "We justly believe our Fanny to be sweet and charming, but she is well aware of this, and is ever on the watch to overcome the evil she discovers within herself. Depend upon it, did she not do so she would not be the delightful creature we think her."

"Could Fanny possibly have been otherwise than delightful?" said Mrs. Vallery.

"Not only possibly, but very probably so, although we, blinded by our love might have overlooked the faults of which she would certainly have been guilty," answered Mrs. Leslie. "One of the chief lessons we should endeavour to impress on young people is the importance of keeping a strict watch over their mind and temper, of putting away every bad thought the instant it comes into the mind, and to suppress at once the rising of bad temper, envy, hatred, and all other evil feelings, while we teach them that Satan, like a



roaring lion, is always going about seeking whom he may devour, although the aid of the Holy Spirit will never be sought in vain to drive him away."

While this conversation was going on between his grandmamma and mamma in the drawing-room Norman remained in the shrubbery. He was afraid to come out, supposing that his mamma was looking for him, and that he would be punished for destroying his sister's garden, as he had been in the morning for telling a falsehood. Growing weary he at length crept out, and hearing and seeing no one, thought he might venture into the open garden. He soon became tired of being by himself, and wished that Fanny would come out and play with him, then he felt angry with her because she did not, though he well knew that she was attending to her lessons.

At last as he wandered about his eyes fell on the covering of his football.

"That's what my fine present has come to," he muttered, "and she has got a beautiful doll all to herself; I do not see why she should be better off than I am. I wonder if anybody could make my ball round again."

He took it up.

"Perhaps the cook or John can."

He carried the leathern case in to the cook.

"Make your ball round again Master Norman!" she exclaimed, "it would be a hard job to do that, with the big slit which I see in it. You must get a fresh bladder of the proper size, and then perhaps we may be able to mend the leather case."



“Can you get me a bladder?” asked Norman.

“A bladder costs money! You must ask your papa to get one for you,” answered the cook, “who was not particularly willing to oblige him for the way he had treated his sister, and Susan had prevented him from gaining the goodwill of the servants.

“But I say you must get me a bladder,” exclaimed Norman, “what are you? you are only a servant. I will make you do what I want.”

“I tell you what young gentleman, I will pin a dish-cloth to your back, and send you out of the kitchen, if you speak to me in that way. I am busy now in preparing your grandmamma’s luncheon, and I cannot attend to you.”

Norman after walking about looked very angry for some minutes. Seeing, however, the cook take up a dirty cloth and draw a pin from her dress, he thought it wiser to walk off, and made his way back into the garden.

“I do not see why Fanny should have a beautiful doll and I only a stupid bit of leather,” he muttered to himself. “If I can get hold of that doll of hers, I know what I will do to it, and then she won’t be a bit better off than I am.”

Instead of attempting to overcome the spirit of envy, which sprung up in his heart, he went on muttering to himself that he would soon spoil Miss Lucy’s beauty.

He had not improved in temper, when he was summoned in to dinner.



Neither Mrs. Leslie nor his mamma said anything about Fanny's garden, and he himself was not inclined to introduce the subject. His grandmamma did not speak to him, for she was anxious if possible to make him ashamed of his conduct. Discerning as she was, she was little aware of the obstinacy of his disposition, and that all he cared for, was to avoid punishment.

Fanny had talked to him and tried to amuse him after dinner; as it was still too hot to go out, she invited him to come into the drawing-room, and listen to a pretty story she would read to him out of a book.

After she had read a little time, her grandmamma invited her to sit by her side, that she might go on with some work that she was teaching her to do.

"Come with me, Norman," said Fanny, jumping up immediately, "granny will let you sit near me on a footstool, and if you hold the book, I can tell you some of the stories by merely looking at the pictures."

Norman, who liked having stories told to him, made no objection, and sat down quietly on a footstool near Fanny.

"I think Norman, you should now tell Fanny something about India," said Mrs. Leslie, after Fanny had told him several stories.

"It's a finer country than this, and people do as they are told, that's one thing I know about it," observed Norman. "A very good thing too," said Mrs. Leslie, "I always like little boys and girls to do as they are told."

"But big people do as they are told, our *kitmutgars*



and *chaprassey* ran off as quick as lightning to do anything I told them, and if not I kicked them."

"I hope that you will not do so to any one in England, my dear," said Mrs. Leslie.

"I am sorry to say that Norman did sometimes attempt to do as he tells you," observed Mrs. Vallery. "The people he speaks of were our servants. A *kit-mutgar* is a man who waits at table, and a *chaprassey* is another servant, whose duty it is to run on messages, to attend on ladies when they go out, and to perform the general duties of a footman, though he does not wait at table. You must know, Fanny, in India each person has especial duties, and he considers it degrading to perform any others.

A groom is called a *syce*, but he will not cut the grass for his own horse, and requires another man to do so. The head servant, who performs the duty of butler, and purchases all the food for the family, is called a *rhansaman*.

A great deal of water is required in the hot weather for bathing and wetting the tatties, and one man is employed in bringing it up from the river to the bungalow in which we lived—he is called a *chestie*. A different man, however, called an *aubdar*, takes care that proper drinking water is supplied—we generally used rain water, which was collected in large sheets, stretched out between four poles in the rainy season, and drained into earthen jars, where it keeps cool and sweet.

None of those I have mentioned would clean



the rooms, and, therefore, another man a *mehter* or sweeper was employed. Our clothes were washed by a man called a *dhobie*; he used to come with his donkey, and carry them off to the river, where he beat them with a flat stick on a wooden slab over and over again till they were clean, and then dried them in the sun.

When any out-door work was to be done, we hired labourers of the lowest caste, who were called *coolies*. Then we had a tailor, who made all my clothes as well as Norman's and his papa's, and he is called a *durize*. We had six bearers, who were employed to carry our palanquin, when we went out, and they also had to keep the punkahs at work, besides having other things to do."

"What a household," exclaimed Mrs. Leslie, "I am glad we have not so many servants to attend to in England. Where did they all live?"

"Some slept rolled up in their sheets on mats in the verandah in front of the bungalow, others in huts by themselves."

"Had you no maid servants?" asked Fanny.

"Only one, called an *ayah*, who acted as my lady's maid, and took care of Norman, but had nothing else to do," answered Mrs. Vallery.

"Mamma, what are punkahs and tatties?" inquired Fanny, "I did not like to interrupt you when you spoke of them."

"The punkah is something like an enormous fan suspended to the roof, and when a breeze is required,



it is drawn backwards and forwards with ropes by the bearers. Sometimes in hot weather it is kept going day and night, indeed without it at times we should scarcely have been able to bear the heat, or go to sleep at night. The tatties are mats made of a sweet-smelling grass, which are hung up on the side from which the hot wind comes, and being kept constantly wet by the *bhesties*, the air passing through them is cooled by the evaporation which takes place."

"I suppose you must have lived in a very large house, as you had so many servants to attend on you," observed Fanny.

"When we were at a station up the country, we resided in a bungalow, which was a cottage, with all the rooms on the ground floor, in the centre of an enclosure called a compound. It was covered with a sloping thickly-thatched roof, to keep out the rays of the sun. In the centre was a large hall which was our sitting-room, with doors opening all round it into the bedrooms, and outside them was a broad verandah. I spoke of doors, but I should rather have called them door-ways with curtains to them, thus the air set moving by the punkahs could circulate through the house, while the sun could not penetrate into the inner room, it was therefore kept tolerably cool."

"I think we are better off in England, where even in the hottest weather we can keep cool without so much trouble being taken," observed Fanny. "How I pity the poor men who are obliged to work at the punkahs."



“They are accustomed to the heat, and it is their business,” observed Mrs. Vallery; “they would not have thanked us had we dismissed them, and told them that for their sakes we were ready to bear the hot stifling atmosphere, or to refrain from going out in our palanquins.”

“What are palanquins, mamma?” asked Fanny.

“A palanquin may be described as a litter or sofa without legs, and with a roof over it, carried by means of long poles, one on each side, the ends resting on the shoulders of the bearers. A person travelling in one can recline at full length, and sleep comfortably during a long journey. When travelling by post, or *dak*, as it is called, fresh bearers are found ready at each stage, just as post-horses are in England.

“When we went out to pay visits for a short distance only we used a *tanjahn*, in which a person, instead of reclining, sits upright. It is somewhat like an English sedan-chair. We, however, at most of the stations where the roads were good, used open carriages sent out from England.

“Your papa used occasionally, also, to go out hunting tigers on the back of an elephant. He did not, however, bestride it as he would a horse, but sat with one or two other persons in a sort of box, called a *howdah*, fastened on the animal’s back. The huge creature was guided by a man called a *mahout*, seated on its neck, with a sharp-pointed stick in his hand. To get into the *howdah* a ladder is placed against the animal’s side, which stands perfectly quiet, till ordered by the *mahout* to move on.



“I have on several occasions travelled on the back of an elephant in a much larger *howdah* than is used for hunting, when I had a *chattah* or umbrella held over my head.”

“But do the huge elephants gallop after the tigers?” asked Fanny.

“I should think not,” observed Norman, now speaking for the first time. “Papa used to carry a gun, and beaters and dogs went into the jungle to drive out the tigers, and then he used to shoot them. He has often told me about it, and promised to take me when I am big enough. I should like to shoot a tiger.”

“You would not like to see a tiger spring up at the *howdah*, and try to drag you out of it, as happened when your papa was out shooting one day, and the poor *mahout* was so dreadfully torn that he died?” observed Mrs. Vallery. “Tiger shooting is a very dangerous amusement, and I was always anxious till your papa came back safe. It was no amusement to me in the meantime.”

“Women are silly things, and are always being afraid,” said Norman, with an impudent look.

“That was not a proper remark, Norman, and it was especially rude in you to make it in our presence,” observed Mrs. Leslie.

“When I am big I intend to go out tiger shooting, and if other people are afraid, I shall not be,” persisted Norman.

His grandmamma made no further remark, but she cast a look of pity at the boy.



“But are not the elephants frightened, mamma, when they see the tigers?” asked Fanny, anxious to draw off attention from her brother.

“They are wise creatures, and seem to know that their riders have the means of defending them, so that they very seldom run away,” answered Mrs. Vallery, “occasionally they take flight. Nothing can be more uncomfortable than having to sit on the back of an elephant under such circumstances. The creature sticks out its trunk and screams as it rushes onward, trampling down everything in its way. Should it pass under trees, it happens occasionally that a branch sweeps its riders with their *howdah* from its back. Elephants are, however, generally so well trained, that I never felt any fear when seated on the back of one. They are, indeed, wonderfully sensible creatures, and can be taught to do anything. They sometimes convey luggage and even light guns over rough country, which wheels cannot traverse. With their trunks they lift up enormous logs of wood, and place them exactly as directed when roads are being formed, and they will even build up piles of logs, placing each with the greatest exactness. I have heard of elephants taking up children in their trunks and playing with them, and putting them down again, without doing them the slightest injury. They can, as the natives say, do everything but talk, indeed they seem to understand what is said to them, and I have seen a *mahout* whisper in his elephant’s ear, when the creature immediately obeyed him, though he possibly



may have used some other sign which I did not observe."

"I should like to travel on the back of one of the well-trained elephants you speak of, mamma, because I could then look about and see the country, though I think that I should at first be somewhat afraid until I got accustomed to it," remarked Fanny.

"You may be able to try how you like riding on the back of one of them at the Zoological Gardens, where perhaps your papa will take you some day," said Mrs. Leslie, "it is among the places I thought you would like to see, and I told him that I was sure you would be very much interested in going there?"

"I will go too, and take care of you," said Norman, with a patronising air, "I have ridden on an elephant in India, and if there are any tigers we will shoot them."

"There are several tigers in the Zoological Gardens, but the owners would object to your shooting them, Norman," observed Mrs. Leslie. "They are safely shut up in cages."

"I suppose the people are afraid of them," said Norman, "I am not afraid of tigers, and when I go back to India I intend to shoot a great many."

"You should not boast so much, Norman," observed his mamma. "Do you not remember how frightened you were at the tame leopard which our friend Mr. James kept in his bungalow, and how, when you first saw the animal, you screamed out and came running to me for protection. I was not surprised, for had its



master not been with us I should have been frightened too. But I do not like to hear you boast of your valour, especially when I cannot recollect any occasion on which you have exhibited it."

Norman held his tongue, and soon after this Captain Vallery returned from London.

Norman ran to him eagerly, expecting that he had a fresh football, or some other toy, but his papa had been too much ashamed of him to think of doing so, and Norman went out of the room grumbling at the neglect with which he was treated."

"He cares for Fanny more than me," he muttered; "I daresay he has brought her something, but I am not going to let her boast of her beautiful doll, while I have got nothing to play with."

Fanny did not dream that Norman would ever think of doing any harm to her doll, although every day after she had been playing with it, as it was too large to go into her doll's house, she either put it away carefully in a drawer, or carried it into granny's room. Norman therefore, though he looked about for Miss Lucy, could never find her.

Norman was much older than many boys, who can read well, and Mrs. Leslie strongly advised Captain Vallery to have him instructed.

"He will learn in good time, and I do not like to run the risk of breaking his spirits by beginning too early," answered Captain Vallery.

"But unless he begins to learn I do not see how he will ever be able to read, and until he does so, he can-



not amuse himself, but must always be dependent upon others," answered his grandmamma. "I will take him in hand, and when I am unable to teach him I daresay Mrs. Norton will do so."

Captain Vallery at last consented that Norman should begin learning.

Mrs. Leslie found him a very refractory pupil, for although he evidently could learn, he would not attend to what she told him, and she was therefore glad to give him over to Mrs. Norton. That lady had no idea of allowing a little boy to have his own way, so she kept Master Norman every morning close by her side till he had finished the task she set him. In a few days he knew all the letters, and could soon read short words without difficulty. He however did not feel at all as grateful as he ought to have done, for the instruction given him, and gladly escaped from the school-room when Mrs. Norton devoted her attention to Fanny.

One day his grandmamma had driven out with his papa and mamma, to call on some friends, when Norman having finished his lessons, Mrs. Norton said to him, "You may go out and play on the lawn for an hour, till I call you in again."

"Norman ran off, well pleased to be at liberty, but not knowing exactly what to do with himself.

"If I had my football I might kick it about, and have some fun," he thought, "no one has taken the trouble to mend it. I should think Fanny, who is so nimble with her fingers as granny says, might have done so.



I must have a game at battledore and shuttlecock, I can play that alone."

He went into the drawing-room to get one of the battledores, which were kept in an Indian cabinet. No sooner had he opened the door than his eye fell on Miss Lucy, seated in a large arm-chair, where Fanny, who had brought her down to try on a new frock which her mamma had made, had incautiously left her.

"You are there, are you!" said Norman, slowly approaching, "you look as if you were laughing at me. I should like to know what business Fanny has with you, when I have not my football to play with."

He stopped for a minute or more, looking at the doll with his fists clenched; and instead of trying to drive away the evil thought which had entered his mind, took a pleasure in encouraging it. Still, he did not touch the doll. "I will carry you out, and hide you in a bush, where Fanny cannot find you," he muttered.

Then he thought that he must take out a battledore and shuttlecock and play with it, or what he proposed doing would be suspected. He went to the cabinet, and opening it, there he saw on an upper shelf the very knife with which he had made the hole in his football.

A dreadful idea seized him, he took the knife and advanced with it towards poor Miss Lucy. Dragging her from the chair, he threw her on the ground and began to cut away at her wax neck with his knife. As the chief part of the edge was blunted, he did not at first make much impression; but, drawing it rapidly backwards till the sharp part towards the point reached



the doll's neck, in one instant off rolled the head. Others who do wicked deeds often injure themselves, so Norman, whose finger was under the point cut a deep gash in it. As he felt the pain, and saw the blood spurting forth, he jumped up, crying lustily for some one to come and help him, utterly regardless of the mischief he had done.

He gazed at his finger, and thought that all the blood in his body would run out.

"Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?" he screamed out. "Is nobody coming to help me?"

Then he looked at the doll.

"It was all your fault, you nasty thing," he exclaimed kicking the doll's body away from its head, "I wish that I had let you alone. What business had Fanny to leave you in the chair, looking so impudently at me, and if you had your head on, you would be laughing at me still?" then he again looked at his finger, which smarted very much, and as he saw the blood dropping down on the carpet, he bawled louder than ever.

Fanny, during a pause in her reading, heard him.

"What can be the matter with Norman?" she exclaimed, "may I run down and see?"

"Yes, my dear, and call me if he has really hurt himself," said Mrs. Norton, "but from the way in which he is crying, I do not think there is anything very serious."

Fanny ran downstairs. She entered the drawing-room. For a moment, she stood aghast, as the first



object which met her sight, was her dear, pretty Miss Lucy's head, lying some way apart from her body, with a huge knife near it, and Norman standing not far off.

Fanny, as we have seen was a very sweet amiable girl, but, she had a spirit and a temper, though she generally restrained the latter, when inclined to give way to it. She saw at once that the cruel deed, had been done by Norman, and her heart swelling with indignation, she rushed forward, and gave him a box on the ear. She then threw herself down by the side of her doll, and burst into tears. Then picking it up, she endeavoured to fit on the head.

The unexpected blow, from his usually gentle sister, so astonished Norman, that for a moment he ceased his shrieks.

"You naughty, naughty, boy," I wish papa had whipped you twice as much as he did, and I hope, he may whip you again, she exclaimed, rising, and about to give him another slap, but just then, her eye fell on his bleeding hand, and he recommenced his shrieks and cries. She stopped, looking at him with alarm.

"Oh, what is the matter? oh, what is the matter?" she cried out.

"Send for the doctor, send for the doctor," shrieked Norman.

"Come with me to Mrs. Norton, she will know what to do," said Fanny, wrapping his hand up in her handkerchief. "Mamma and granny are out, or they would attend to you."



“No, no, no, I must have a doctor, I shall die, I know I shall,” cried Norman again and again.

Fanny cast a piteous glance at poor Miss Lucy which she had let fall, and though feeling sure that Norman had cut off her head, she was so much alarmed about him, that without stopping to ask him, with her young heart full of sorrow, she led him up to Mrs. Norton. She hoped he had done it by accident, or in play, for she would not allow herself to suppose, that he had been prompted by a spirit of envy and jealousy. Believing too, that he was severely injured, she felt sorry she had lost her temper, and struck him.

“Let me look at your finger, young gentleman,” said Mrs. Norton, examining his hand. “Is this a cut to make so much fuss about? Go into your room, and a little water and sticking plaster will soon set it all to rights.”

Mrs. Norton having bound up Norman’s finger, asked Fanny how it had happened. Fanny, instead of replying, burst into tears.

“Oh, do not ask me, do not ask me,” she said at length. “I am sure he could not have intended to hurt Miss Lucy, but, O Mrs. Norton, he has cut off her head, and I, when I saw what he had done, boxed his ears. I am so very sorry, but I did not see how much he had hurt himself.”

Mrs. Norton gave a look at Norman, which ought to have made him ashamed of what he had done.

His answer betrayed the evil spirit which had prompted him to do the deed.



“You should not have had a pretty doll to play with, while I have only an empty football,” he said, in the growling muttering way in which he too often spoke.

“Sit down there, your heart must be a very bad one, to let you indulge in such a feeling,” said Mrs. Norton, placing Norman in the large chair, which stood in his room.

Taking Fanny’s hand, she led her downstairs. At first, Mrs. Norton said she should leave the doll and knife on the ground to show Mrs. Leslie and her mamma how he had behaved, but Fanny entreated her not to do so, and putting the knife back into the cabinet, she took up her doll, over which her tears fell fast, while she tried to replace its head.

“We will try and mend the doll, Fanny,” said Mrs. Norton, “but I am afraid an ugly mark must always remain, and though we may succeed in putting on its head, nothing can excuse your brother’s behaviour.”

“Oh, but he is very young, pleaded Fanny,” and it will make granny and mamma, and I am afraid papa also so angry with him, but pray, do not tell them if you can help it. And I ought to have remembered what a little boy he is—and I should not have lost my temper and hit him—it was very naughty in me. “Oh dear, oh dear, how sorry I am,” and Fanny again, gave way to her tears.

Mrs. Norton acknowledged that Fanny should not have lost her temper, at the same time she tried to comfort her.



Mrs. Norton then told Fanny, that she would take the doll home to try and fix on its head.

“I shall be so much obliged to you, though I do not deserve it,” said Fanny.

“I am glad that you do not feel angry with your little brother, naughty as he has been. It is a blessed thing to forgive an injury, and we are following our Lord and Master’s precept in doing so.

“I am sure that I should be doing what is very wrong, if I did not forgive him,” answered Fanny, “because I pray to be forgiven as I forgive others, and as he has hurt himself so much, I hope no one else will be angry with him.”

“I trust that the way he has hurt himself will be a lesson to him,” said Mrs. Norton, as having wrapped up the doll in her shawl, she accompanied her pupil back to the schoolroom. She allowed Norman to remain sitting in the chair by himself, but before she left the house, she begged Susan to go and attend to him.

As soon as Fanny saw her granny and mamma returning from their drive, she ran down to meet them.

“Norman has cut his finger,” she said, “but Mrs. Norton does not think it is very bad, and I want you not to ask me how he did it; pray do this, I shall be so much happier, if you will.”

They said “yes.”


“Thank you, dear granny; thank you, mamma,” exclaimed Fanny, kissing them both.

I think Fanny Vallery had pleasanter dreams than her brother Norman that night.



## CHAPTER IV.

### HARD TO ENDURE.

RS. VALLERY went upstairs to see Norman. She found him still seated in the chair looking very sulky.

“Mrs. Norton and Susan and everybody have been scolding at me,” he muttered ; “I wish you would send them all away. And Fanny is as bad as any of them, and nobody cares for me, and Fanny has slapped my face, and I will slap hers another time, though she is a girl,” and Norman began to cry.

“My dear child, we all care very much for you,” said his mamma, not knowing of course how he had cut his finger, and as she had promised Fanny not to do so, she did not ask him. “I am very sorry that Fanny should have slapped your face, but I am afraid you must have done something to provoke her, I must ask her why she did it. I cannot help thinking that you must have been naughty, or Mrs. Norton and Susan would not have scolded you. Come down with me into the garden, we will have a game of battledore and shuttlecock on the lawn, the fresh air will do you good.”



"I cannot play, my hand hurts me so much," answered Norman.

Mrs. Vallery, seeing from the small size of the finger-stall Mrs. Norton had put on, that the injury could not be very severe, insisted that Norman should accompany her.

"You will soon, I hope, Norman, go to school, where you will have other boys to play with," observed Mrs. Vallery, as she led him downstairs.

She felt that the child was left too much alone by himself, and that if placed with companions of his own age, they would assist to correct some of his many faults. "If his papa consents to send him to school, he will at all events not be permitted there to have his own way, as he has hitherto been," she said to herself, and she determined to try and get Captain Vallery to select a school as soon as possible, knowing well that Mrs. Leslie would support her.

As it was Norman's left hand which had been hurt, he was very well able to hold a battledore, and after playing with his mamma a short time, he recovered his usual spirits, and appeared totally to forget how naughty he had been. He wondered that nobody had asked him how he had cut his finger, or spoke to him about Miss Lucy, not understanding the forgiving spirit which had induced Fanny to refrain from speaking of his conduct.

"Perhaps she is afraid of saying anything about it, because she slapped my face," he thought.

At last, Mrs. Vallery went in to get ready for dinner.



Fanny found Norman who had been sent into the drawing-room to put the battledores and shuttlecock away.

“How is your finger?” she asked, in a pitying tone.

“Oh, it smarts very much,” he answered, “though I do not think you care much about it.”

“Indeed, I do, dear Norman,” she said; “you do not know how sorry I am that I slapped your face, and granny has given me some salve and some soft linen to bind up your finger again, and if you will come here, I will try and do it very gently, and not hurt you.”

Fanny sat down in her granny’s chair. Taking off the wrapping which Mrs. Norton had put on, and which was somewhat stained with blood, she replaced it with a nice soft piece covered with salve, which felt very cool, and soon took away all the pain.

Having done this Fanny affectionately kissed him.

“You will forgive me for slapping your face, won’t you, dear brother?” she said, “you know I could not help feeling angry, when I saw that you had spoilt my beautiful doll; but I do not want you to be punished, and so I have not told anybody except Mrs. Norton, and she found it out of herself.”

“You are afraid of being punished for slapping my face,” answered the ungrateful little boy.

“Oh, how can you say that, Norman?” exclaimed Fanny, ready to burst into tears at the unfeeling observation. “I would have told mamma that I slapped you, but then I knew that that would have



shown what you had done ; but I did tell Mrs. Norton, and she said I was wrong, and I knew I was, and I want you to forgive me for that."

"I do not know what you mean by 'forgive,'" said Norman.

"That you do not feel angry or vexed, or wish to slap my face, or do me any harm, and that you love me as much as you did before, and will try to forget all about it," answered Fanny. "That is what I think is the meaning of forgiving, and that is what I know I ought to do about the way you treated Miss Lucy. I wish there would not be the ugly mark on her neck, which I am afraid she always will have, even when Mrs. Norton gets her head put on, as she has promised to do ; but I must try and make her a high frock with a frill, which will come under her chin, and hide it, and then I shall not see the mark, and so I hope I shall soon forget what you did to her.

Norman opened his large eyes, and fixed them on his sister.

"I think I know better than I did before what to forgive means," he observed ; "I wish, Fanny, I was more like you."

Just then Susan, who had been looking for the children to get them ready for tea, came in, and led off Norman. Unfortunately she had discovered how he had treated Miss Lucy, and she thought fit to give him another scolding. This made him angry, and he entirely forgot all that Fanny in her gentle way had told him about forgiveness. Once more he hardened his heart



and thought that now he was equal with Fanny, as he had lost his football, and her doll had lost its head.

Captain Vallery returned home later than usual. Norman, who heard his ring at the door, ran down to meet him, and was much disappointed to find that he had not brought a new football.

“I thought, papa, that you would have remembered that my football is spoilt,” he exclaimed, “and would have brought another.”

“But who spoilt it, let me ask?” said Captain Vallery. “As you spoilt the football, you should be the person to mend it, and you should not expect me to bring you a new one.”

“But I cannot mend it, papa,” said Norman.

“People often find that they cannot remedy the harm they have done,” observed his papa.

Norman, who was afraid that his papa might hear of the way he had treated his sister’s doll, did not ask any further questions.

All the next day he behaved much better. His finger hurt him, and morning and evening he went humbly to Fanny to get it dressed, because he found she did it so gently and carefully.

No one said anything about the doll, and he wondered what had become of it. Once or twice he thought that if he could find it he would put it out of the way altogether, for he was dreadfully afraid lest his granny or papa should discover that its head had been cut off. At last he thought he would dig a hole



in the garden and put it into it, and cover it up, and then no one would be able to find it.

“Fanny has not told about it,” he thought, “she and Mrs. Norton are the only people who know what I did, and as they have said nothing as yet, I hope that they will not.”

Norman did not consider that although neither his papa or mamma or granny might discover what he proposed doing, God would not only see him, but knew already the evil in his heart, and that should he continue to indulge his bad feelings, they would grow with his growth, and when he became a man they would too probably make him do things too terrible to mention.

As soon as he had made up his mind what to do, while Fanny was at her lessons, he stole into her room, expecting to find the doll. He saw that it was not in the doll's house, and so he looked into her bed, and then he opened all her drawers, but no doll was to be found. He had seen her one day going in with it to granny's room, so he thought it might be there. Mrs. Leslie was downstairs, he therefore hoped that he might be able to creep in and search for the doll without being discovered. He listened, the drawing-room door was closed, and he knew that Susan was not in that part of the house, so, walking on tiptoes, in he stole. He looked about in every part of the room where he thought the doll might be placed.

“Perhaps Fanny puts it in one of the drawers,” he said to himself, “but then what would granny say if she found out that I had looked into them.”



At last he put his hands to the handle, and opened a drawer just wide enough to peep in, but the doll was not there. He opened the next, but using greater force, he pulled it much wider open than he had intended: no doll was within. He tried to close it, but found he could not succeed, he pushed and pushed, still the drawer would not close; at last, putting his shoulder to it, he lifted it up, and the drawer shut, but in doing so it made much more noise than he had expected. There was still another drawer below it—he thought he would just peep in, and then run away as fast as possible. He took hold of the handle, and pulled and pulled, but the drawer would not open, for a good reason, because it was locked. This he did not discover, but thought he would pull once more, and if he did not succeed, he would give it up. He took hold of the handles, and exerted all his strength, suddenly he found, though the handles were in his hands, they had come out of the drawer, and over he rolled backwards. In falling he made a loud thump on the floor. Just then, before he had time to jump up, the door opened, and there stood his granny. She looked at him with astonishment.

“What! have you been trying to open my drawers?” she asked gravely, “it is very wrong in you if you have,” but she felt too much grieved at such a thing to speak angrily.

“I came to look—to look—to look for Fanny’s doll,” blurted out Norman.

“To look for Fanny’s doll!” said Mrs. Leslie, “I



thought you did not care for dolls? Did Fanny send you for hers?"

"No," answered Norman, "but I wanted her."

"Fanny has not brought her doll to me for some time, and perhaps she has a good reason for not doing so," said Mrs. Leslie, looking at Norman. It would, even if you knew that the doll was there, have been very wrong of you to have looked into my drawers without my permission. I am sure your papa and mamma would not approve of your doing so."

"Oh, do not tell them!" cried Norman, "perhaps papa will beat me again, and it's all Fanny's fault, she should not have had a doll now that my football is spoilt!"

"I will make no promises," said Mrs. Leslie, "go into your room, and remain there, while I speak to your mamma. The last remarks you made about your sister having a doll, shows that you have a jealous feeling of her, and prevents me from wishing to get your football mended, as I had thought of doing. People who are jealous of others are never happy, and I should only encourage you, were I to do as I purposed."

Norman went into his room and sat himself down in his arm-chair. He thought that granny had let him off very well, as she had only scolded him, and what she had said did not make him at all ashamed of himself, nor did he see his fault. His only fear was that granny might tell his papa, who, though he allowed him to have his own way in many things, would, he



had sense enough to know, be very much displeased with what he had done.

“What can have become of Miss Lucy though?” he thought, “I still must try to find her! I wonder if they know that I cut off her head.”

He was allowed to remain in his room till he heard Fanny, who had done her lessons, calling to him. She invited him to have a game before dinner on the lawn.

When there, she produced from under her pinafore a trap and bat.

“Papa brought this yesterday in his pocket and gave it to me that I might play with you.”

Fanny put it down on the ground.

“What a strange looking thing,” exclaimed Norman, “what are we to do with it?”

“I will show you,” said Fanny, putting the ball into the trap and taking the bat in her right hand. “Now keep a little behind me, and I will force the ball up, then I will hit it with the bat and send it up into the air to a distance.”

Fanny, very adroitly, made the ball fly nearly across the lawn.

“You observe where it fell; now go there and try and catch it, and if you do so you will get me out, and you will have the right to come and play at the trap till I put you out. Or, if you roll the ball up and hit the trap you put me out.”

Fanny played for some time, but at last, finding that Norman could not catch the ball nor roll it against the



trap, thought that he would become impatient, and she hit it only a little way. He ran up, and without discovering that she did this to please him, soon managed to roll the ball against the trap.

“Ah, I have put you out at last, Miss,” he exclaimed, “and now you shall see where I send the ball to, you had better go to the other side of the lawn, and try and catch me out if you can !”

Norman seized the bat, looking as if he was going to do great things, and Fanny went, as he desired her, to a distance.

The first time he struck the trap he upset it, and the ball tumbled down by his side. Again and again he tried to hit the ball, but always missed it, and it sometimes scarcely rose out of the cup.

“What a stupid bat this is,” he exclaimed, losing patience, “I wonder you could manage to make the ball jump out of it.”

“All you want is patience and practice,” answered Fanny, “try and try again, I do not mind looking out for you ?”

Norman made a few more attempts, with equal want of success.

“You have done something to the trap I am sure, or I should be able to hit the ball,” he cried out.

“Nonsense !” said Fanny laughing, “it is entirely your own fault, strike the tail more gently and keep your eye on the ball, you will be able to hit it.”

Once more he tried, but instead of hitting the trap



more gently, Norman used greater force, and consequently upset it, and looking to see what had happened, instead of keeping his eyes on the ball, the latter in falling hit him slightly on the head; this was enough for him, and when Fanny, laughing, was coming up to him, altogether losing his temper he threw the bat at her with all his force. It fortunately missed her head, but striking her on the shoulder hurt her very much.

“O Norman, how could you do that!” she exclaimed, seizing him by the arm. “I was only going to show you how to use the bat, and you might have killed me,” she said, naturally feeling very angry with him. “You naughty, naughty boy!”

Norman lifted up his fist as if about to strike her, Fanny seized his other arm, he struggled to free himself. At that moment Mrs. Vallery came out of the house.

“What are you children about?” she asked. Fanny my dear, what are you doing to your little brother?”

“She was laughing at me,” cried out Norman, “and because I was angry, she is pinching me all over.”

“Indeed, I am not,” said Fanny, and though an instant before she had felt very angry with Norman, having overcome the feeling, she did not like to say that he had thrown the bat at her.

“I laughed at him, mamma, merely because he missed the ball so often, and when I came near him he wanted to hit me.”

“And I did hit you,” cried Norman, “and I will



hit you again if you laugh at me," and again he struggled to get free.

"My dear Fanny, you should have more consideration for your little brother," remarked Mrs. Vallery, coming up to them.

Fanny let go her hold of Norman, who gave a vicious kick out at her as she did so, and ran to his mamma's side.

Poor Fanny felt inclined to cry at the rebuke she had received, and yet she would not excuse herself by saying what Norman had done. That young gentleman, considering he had gained a triumph, shouted out—

"Now you may go and play by yourself, I do not want to have anything more to do with the stupid trap and bat."

"It is very ungrateful in you to say that, Norman, after your papa brought it down expressly for you," said Mrs. Vallery. "Stay and play on, and try if you cannot do better; and, Fanny, let me ask you not to laugh at the little fellow if he does not manage to hit the ball as often as you do."

"I will gladly stop and play with Norman, and promise not to laugh at him," answered Fanny, ever ready to forgive, though, as she moved her arm, she felt much pain.

"Will you try again, Norman, and let me show you how you may hit the ball?" she said gently.

Norman sulkily consented, and their mamma, thinking that he was reconciled to his sister, returned to the house.



Fanny again set to work to show her brother how he ought to strike the trap, and in a short time, by following her directions, he was able to send the ball some distance. He now, highly delighted, kept her running about in all directions. Her arm hurt her too much to enable her to catch the ball, and though she might frequently have rolled it back against the trap and put him out, seeing how much amused he was she refrained from doing so.

“We will have another game by-and-by,” he exclaimed, as they were summoned to dinner, and he went in highly pleased with his performance, and ready to boast about it, but he entirely forgot the injury he had done to poor Fanny.

They had another game in the afternoon, though Fanny could with difficulty play.

When she was putting on her frock in the evening to go down to dessert, Susan observed that her shoulder was very black.

“What have you done to your shoulder, Miss Fanny?” she asked; “I must put something to it.”

Fanny had to confess that Norman had thrown the bat at her, but begged Susan not to scold him.

“I cannot promise, Miss, not to do that,” she answered, “I am so angry with him. He is a regular little tyrant. Trusty knows it, if nobody else does, for, from the day the young gentleman came into the house he has kept away from him, and I think he ought to be whipped for many other things besides telling stories.”



Fanny again pleaded in her usual way for her young brother, though she could not help confessing to herself that Susan was right.

At dessert Fanny sat next to her grandmamma, but her hurt shoulder was turned away from her and was towards Norman, who saw the black mark and remembering how it must have been caused, was in a great fright all the time he was eating the dish of strawberries his papa gave him, lest some one else would discover it. It might possibly have prevented him from enjoying his dessert as much as he otherwise would have done. Their mamma was sitting opposite, and saw the mark, but thought it was a shadow cast on Fanny's shoulder, and thus no one said anything on the subject.

Norman congratulated himself when he and Fanny went up to bed, that his violent act had escaped detection. Susan, however, who had undertaken to put him to bed, asked him how he had dared to strike his sister in the way he had done.

"I did not strike her, she held my arms and pinched me too much for that."

"What do you call throwing a bat at her and hitting her with it, then?" asked Susan.

"If you ask me questions I will strike you, you tiresome thing," exclaimed Norman, tearing off his clothes as fast as he could, in the hopes of getting Susan quickly out of the room.

"You had better not, young gentleman," said Susan; "your grandmamma does not allow anybody to be



struck in this house, and I should hold you a good deal tighter than your sister did."

Norman never dared to answer Susan when she spoke in that tone of voice, and so he held his tongue till she had washed him and put him into bed, when his mamma came upstairs to hear him say his prayers. I am afraid that Norman merely uttered the words, for his heart was certainly not right towards God, nor did he even feel sorry for what he had done.

The next day, when Mrs. Norton arrived, Norman saw that she had something wrapped up in her shawl. As she unfolded it, there was Miss Lucy, with a high dress, and frill round her neck.

"Oh, thank you! thank you! dear Mrs. Norton," exclaimed Fanny, kissing her, "how very kind of you, and such a pretty dress! She really looks as nice as ever, and I am sure I shall soon forget what a dreadful accident happened to her," and she cast a forgiving, affectionate look at Norman. He did not return it, but eyed Miss Lucy askance, muttering, "My ball is not mended."

Mrs. Norton did not hear him, and Fanny hoped her ears had deceived her.

"My dear, why do you not lean on your left arm, as I have told you," said Mrs. Morton when Fanny was taking her writing lesson.

"My shoulder hurts me, answered Fanny, "and, if you will excuse me, I will try and write without doing so."

"There, now, she is going to tell her governess I threw the bat at her," thought Norman.



Fanny particularly wished to avoid giving any reason why her shoulder hurt her, and when Mrs. Norton asked what was the matter with her arm, she replied, that it was nothing very serious, she was sure, and hoped that it would soon be well.

Mrs. Norton seeing that she did not wish to talk about it, forebore to question her on the subject.

As soon as her lessons were over, Fanny took her doll up to her room, and reintroduced her to Nancy. Norman who had followed her, watched her with an envious eye, as she made the two dolls talk to each other.

After she had played with them for some time, she put Miss Lucy on her bed, and she and Norman went down into the drawing-room.

Norman had not given up his evil intention of putting Miss Lucy out of the way. He forgot all his sweet sister's forbearance, and loving-kindness towards him ; and still allowed that terrible feeling of envy to rankle in his heart.

A few days before, Mrs. Leslie and her daughter had received an invitation to pay a visit, with the children, to some friends in Scotland. Captain Vallery was unable to accompany them, being detained in London, but he expected shortly to follow. Fanny was delighted at the thought of visiting the Highlands, and seeing the beautiful lakes and streams, and mountains, she had heard so much of.

"I don't care for those sort of things," observed Norman, as he heard their plans discussed at dinner.



“Shall we have elephants to ride on, or tiger shooting?” he asked, “that would suit papa and me best.”

Fanny burst into a fit of merry laughter, at which Norman got very angry.

“Don’t you know that there are no elephants or tigers in this part of the world?” inquired Fanny. “The only wild animals are deer, and I always think how cruel it is to shoot such beautiful creatures, when I hear of people hunting them.”

“Perhaps papa and I will go out and shoot them, only women and girls think shooting cruel,” said Norman scornfully.

“A little boy should not speak disrespectfully of the tender feelings of women and girls,” observed Mrs. Leslie. “Fanny is very right when she expresses her sorrow, at hearing of deer being killed merely for sport, though if they were allowed to live in great numbers they would prevent other more useful animals from finding pasture.”

“I say it is very good fun, shooting animals of all sorts,” exclaimed Norman.

“You should not speak to your grandmamma in that tone,” said Mrs. Vallery.

Norman always grew angry when rebuked, and muttered something to himself, of which no one took notice.

After dinner Fanny remained with her granny and mamma to do some work, while Norman stole out of the room. He stood in the hall for some minutes, and then creeping upstairs, went into Fanny’s bed-chamber.



There on the bed lay Miss Luey. Taking her up he silently came downstairs, and made his way by the back door into the garden, hoping that no one observed him.

"I will pay Fanny off for laughing at me," he muttered, as he ran quickly, with Lucy in his arms, towards the plot of ground at the farthest end, near Fanny's garden which had remained uncultivated. He had left Fanny's spade there the day before. Picking it up and hiding the doll in the shrubbery, he began digging away in the soft ground till he had made a large and deep hole. Not caring how much the earth would spoil Miss Lucy's wax face and pretty dress, he placed her in it, and then covered her completely over, smoothing the ground so that, as he thought, no one would discover that he had been digging there.

"Now though my football is spoilt, Fanny will never get her doll again, and so we are equal," he muttered to himself, as he went towards the tool-house to leave the spade there.

Just then he caught sight of Trusty running along the path. The dog never came near him if he could help it.

Norman put the spade where he had intended, and returning to the lawn, began playing with his trap and ball. He soon grew tired of being by himself, so going to the drawing-room window, he shouted out—

"Fanny I want you to come and play with me."

"You may go out, and try and amuse your little brother," said Mrs. Vallery, "he should not be left so much by himself."



Fanny, though she wanted to finish her work, without a word of remonstrance, put it aside, and ran out to the lawn.

“Now, Fanny, just try and catch the ball if you can, I have got the trap, so I intend to be in first,” said Norman striking the trap with his bat.

Fanny did as her brother asked her.

For some time, though she might easily often have put him out, wishing to afford him all the amusement in her power, she refrained from doing so. When she proposed stopping, he, in his usual style, ordered her to go on. She did so a few minutes longer, and, as he now managed to hit the ball to a considerable distance, she had to run about a great deal. At last she began to lose patience, and, rolling the ball against the trap, she told him that he must now give up the bat to her. On this he threw it down, declaring he had played long enough.

“That is not fair,” she exclaimed. “You ought to go and look out for me.”

He refused to do so, and walked away ; while Fanny, feeling more angry with him than she had ever before been, went into the house.

“As Norman will not play properly, I must go and amuse myself with Miss Lucy,” she thought.

She entered her room ; Miss Lucy was not on her bed, where she was certain she had left her. She hunted about, and then went to Susan to ask if she had taken her.

“I have not even been into your room, Miss Fanny,”



answered Susan ; “but I suspect, if she has gone, who took her. Just do you go and ask your brother.”

Fanny ran after Norman, and found him in the path leading to their part of the garden.

“Where is my doll?” she inquired.

“What do I know about your doll?” he exclaimed. He was afraid to say that he had not taken her because he remembered the whipping his papa had given him.

“I am sure you have taken her,” exclaimed Fanny ; “Susan says so, and told me to ask you.”

“How did she dare to say that?” cried Norman. “You had better look for your doll, and if you find her you will have her again, and if not, you will not be worse off than I am without my football, which I liked just as much as you do your stupid doll.”

“My doll is not stupid,” cried Fanny ; you tried to make her so by cutting her head off, you naughty, ill-natured boy ;” and Fanny seized his arm feeling much inclined to box his ears.

“Let me alone,” cried Norman. “I am not going to talk about your stupid doll, and stupid she is ; and I wish Mrs. Norton had not put on her head again. I will tell papa you pinched me, though you do pretend to be so sweet and gentle.”

Fanny felt both hurt and indignant and angry at this accusation. She let go her brother’s arm, and looked at him in a way which she had never before done.

“You have taken my doll, I know you have, and I do not believe you, even though you say that you have not,” she exclaimed.



“I won’t say anything about it,” said Norman, looking very determined.

“Then I must ask granny and mamma to make you, you naughty boy,” she cried.

“They cannot make me if I do not know where she is; and I will pay you off for threatening me,” cried Norman.

Fanny was going back to the house, feeling unable to bear any longer with her little brother, when she caught sight of Trusty, at the further end of the walk, scratching away with might and main in the ground near her garden. Norman saw him too, and felt very uncomfortable. If he did not drive the dog away, what he had done would certainly be discovered; but he dare not go near him without his whip, for Trusty was apt to snarl if he attempted to catch him.

“What can Trusty be about?” she exclaimed, going towards her garden.

Norman followed, though he would rather have run away. As he went on he picked up some stones, which the gardener had dug up out of a newly-made bed. He was just going to throw one at the dog, when Fanny turning round saw him and held his hand; while Trusty, scratching away more vehemently than ever, caught hold of a piece of white muslin, which he had exposed to view, and dragged forth poor Miss Lucy sadly dirtied and disfigured. Norman let the stones drop from his hands in dismay.

“You did it! I know you did! You buried her when she was not dead—though you had cut her head off—you naughty, wicked, bad boy,” cried Fanny bestow-



ing several slaps on her brother's face ere she rushed forward to pick up her doll.

Fanny's tears fell fast while she endeavoured to brush off the black earth from poor Miss Lucy's face, and shook her muslin frock ; but still a great deal of earth remained about her hair, and in her eyes and mouth. Poor Fanny lost all control of herself as she gazed at the sad spectacle. Norman stood by unmoved though he did not like the boxes on the ears he had received. Again Fanny flew at him and repeated her blows, when Trusty began to bark, eager to assist his young mistress, and very sure that she was doing right.

Norman on this, taking fright, ran along the path towards the house as fast as he could go, Trusty barking at his heels, and Fanny following him. The boy shrieked as he ran, crying louder and louder.

His voice reached his mamma's ears, and she hurried out, fearing that some accident had happened. Mrs. Leslie also came out ; and at the same moment Captain Vallery arrived. Norman rushed up to them, shrieking out that Trusty was going to bite him, and that Fanny had been beating him black and blue.

Fanny came up directly afterwards, the tears dropping from her eyes, her face flushed, and still bearing the traces of her unusual anger, while her sobs prevented her from explaining what had happened, or defending herself. All she could do, was to hold up her doll, and point to Norman.

"He did it, he did it !" then her tears gushed forth afresh.



“She beat me, she beat me !” retorted Norman.

“I am afraid you both have been very naughty,” said Mrs. Vallery.

“You know I never allow Norman to be beaten except by me,” observed Captain Vallery.

Mrs. Leslie, who had more confidence in Fanny than her own parents had, said,—

“Let us hear what provocation Norman gave, before we condemn her. What has occurred, my dear child ?”

“He buried Miss Lucy to hide her from me,” sobbed Fanny. “If Trusty had not pulled her out, I should never have found her, and she would have been entirely spoilt ; as it is, the poor creature’s eyes are full of dirt, and her pretty gown is all covered with earth.”

Fanny continued sobbing as if her young heart would break.

Her granny now led her into the house, followed by Mrs. Vallery holding Norman by the hand.

Though he would not confess what he had done, the fact was evident, but as he had not told a story, his papa did not offer to whip him, as he deserved. Mrs. Vallery spoke to him very seriously, and he listened to her lecture quietly enough, as he did not mind being scolded.

Her granny had done her best in the meantime to comfort Fanny, and with the assistance of Susan put Miss Lucy to rights, though several ugly marks remained on her face, and her frock required to be carefully washed.

Before going to bed she found Norman, and telling



him how sorry she was that she had beaten him, forgave him with all her heart for the injury he had done her doll.

“You will not try to hurt her again, will you, Norman?” she said, “promise me that, or I shall be afraid of leaving her for a moment, lest you should find her, and do her some harm.

Norman promised, and Fanny kissed him, and felt at length more happy, though, as she laid her young head on the pillow, it seemed, as if something very terrible had happened during the day. Norman did not trouble himself much about the matter; he had got off very cheaply, and it is possible that he really was happier than if he had succeeded in hiding Miss Lucy, and utterly destroying her—he certainly would have been very uncomfortable while people were looking for her, and he was dreading that she would be discovered, and his wicked act brought to light.

The day arrived when the family were to go to Scotland. Captain Vallery accompanied them to London, and saw them off by the train. Fanny had never made so long a journey before, as she had only been up and down occasionally with her granny to town. It seemed very strange to her to find the train going on and on, passing by towns, and villages, and country houses, without stopping: sometimes for a whole hour together it flew on and she found that fifty miles had been passed over. Norman laughed at her exclamations of surprise and delight.

“Oh, this is nothing,” he observed, “we have come



all the way from India by a steamer, through the Suez Canal and then along the Mediterranean and right through France."

"You are a young traveller; Fanny knows that. Perhaps some day she may make the same journey," observed Mrs. Leslie. "Still you should not despise your sister, because she has not seen as much as you have."

The party remained a few days in Edinburgh to see various friends, and then proceeded on to Glen Tulloch—a romantic place in the Highlands—the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Maclean, with whom they had been invited to stay.

Every one was pleased with Fanny, and thought Norman a very fine boy, and he was perfectly satisfied with the praises he heard bestowed on him.

The house stood on the side of a hill, with a stream running into a loch on one side, and a wide extent of level wild ground above it.

Mr. Maclean showed the children a rough little carriage he had had built, and told Fanny that she might take it out whenever she liked, and give her brother a drive over the moor.

"I daresay as he has only just come from India, he is unaccustomed to walk over our rough ground, and you need not be afraid of breaking the carriage, you can go where you like."

Fanny was delighted, and offered at once to take Norman out.

"Yes, and I will sit in the carriage, and drive you with my whip, that will be good fun," said Norman.



His whip, however, had not been brought to Scotland, but Mr. Maclean, who thought he was in fun, cut him a long stick, and helped the children up the hill with the carriage. When they got on level ground, he wished them good-bye, and Fanny dragging the carriage into which Norman got, they proceeded on their journey.

The carriage was roughly made, being merely a wooden box cut out, on either side with thick wooden wheels, and a pole by which it was dragged. Norman, however, thought it very good fun to sit in it, and be drawn along. At first, he contented himself with merely flourishing the stick, but when Fanny did not go fast enough to please him, he began to hit at her with it.

“Go on, my little horse, go on. I wish you were a coolie, and I would soon make you move faster,” he shouted out, hitting at her several times.

As long as he only struck her dress, Fanny did not mind, but when the young tyrant, leaning forward, began to beat her on the shoulders, she turned round and declared that she would go no farther if he did so again.

“But I will make you,” he answered; “go on, I say.”

Fanny stopped, and again told him not to use his stick as he was doing.

“Well, go on and you will see,” he said, letting his stick hang out behind the carriage, for he was afraid that she would take it from him.



Fanny once more began to drag the carriage forward, but she had not got far when she felt the stick on her shoulders.

“You are not going fast enough to please me,” cried Norman.

“I told you that I would not draw you at all if you hit me, and you have done so notwithstanding,” said Fanny, feeling very angry.

“You cannot leave me out here by myself, so you must drag me home,” said Norman, “and I am determined that you shall go as fast as I like.”

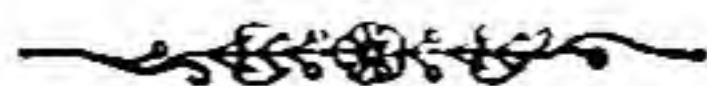
“Home we will go, then,” answered Fanny, and, turning the carriage round, she began to return by the way they had come.

Norman seemed determined to make her angry, for after they had gone a little way he again hit her with the end of his stick. Suddenly turning round, she snatched it from him, and, breaking it in two, threw it to a distance.

Norman was afraid of getting out, lest his sister should run off with the carriage, and as she could not now be struck, she dragged it home as fast as she could go.

Mr. Maclean seemed somewhat surprised to see his young friends return so soon.

Norman lost his excursion, and Fanny, in her kindness, thinking that he was sufficiently punished, did not say how he had treated her.





## CHAPTER V.

### IN THE HIGHLANDS.

“**I** HOPE you had a pleasant excursion, my dears, on the moor,” said Mrs. Maclean, when they entered the house.

“Oh, we had very good fun, and we should have had more if Fanny would have gone farther,” answered Norman. “She cannot stand jokes, and because I just touched her with my stick she would not go on.”

Fanny cast a reproachful glance at Norman. She had determined not to complain of him, and now he was trying to make it appear that he had come back through her want of temper. This was very hard indeed to bear, but she did not attempt to defend herself, for she knew that her granny would be aware of the truth, and that satisfied her, and she was unwilling to make her little brother appear to disadvantage in the eyes of their hostess.

“I shall be very happy to take Norman out again whenever he likes, and I hope that I shall be able to draw him farther than I did to-day,” she said quietly.

Mrs. Maclean was a very kind lady, an old friend



of their granny's, and Fanny thought her very like her; she had the same quiet, but yet firm, manner, and she seemed to take an interest in what she and Norman said and did, and to be anxious to amuse them.

Mr. Maclean was a Highland gentleman who preferred spending his days among his native moors and heathery hills, to living in a town and mixing in the world.

Norman whispered to Fanny that he thought he was an old farmer, when he first saw him in his tartan shooting-coat and trowsers, with a bonnet on his head, a plaid over his shoulders, and a thick stick in his hand. Old as he was, however, he could walk many a mile over those heathery hills he loved so well, and not only Norman, but Norman's papa, might have had some difficulty in keeping up with him. He was as kind as Mrs. Maclean, and soon took a great fancy to Fanny; Norman discovered that, somehow or other, he did not stand so well in his opinion.

The laird, as he was called, now entered the room—

“Well, young people, you took but a short excursion to-day,” he observed; “perhaps, Mistress Fanny, you found the carriage rather heavy to drag, and if you have a fancy for a row on the loch, as I am going down after luncheon to try and catch a few trout for dinner, I shall be glad to take you with me.”

“Oh, thank you, Mr. Maclean, I should so like to go,” answered Fanny. “May we, mamma? may we, granny?”



Mrs. Leslie and her mamma willingly gave their consent.

“I must ask you to take care that Norman does not tumble into the water, though,” said Mrs. Vallery.

“I will make a line fast to the young gentleman’s leg, and soon haul him out again if he does,” answered Mr. Maclean, laughing.

“I can take very good care of myself, thank you,” said Norman; “but I should like to see you catch some fish, if they are good big ones.”

“There are not finer in any loch in Scotland, but they will not always rise to the fly,” observed Mr. Maclean.

As soon as luncheon was over, the laird, carrying his rod and fishing-basket, and accompanied by his two young friends, set off for the loch. On their way they were joined by Sandy Fraser, a tall, thin, old man, with grey hairs escaping from under his bonnet. Sandy had been Mr. Maclean’s constant attendant from his boyhood, and had followed him to many parts of the world which he had visited before he settled down in his Highland home.

On reaching the loch, they found a boat, and Sandy took the oars. The two children were placed in the centre, Mr. Maclean took his seat in the stern, and Sandy rowed away towards the further end of the loch. On one side the hills, with here and there bare, grey rocks appearing on their steep sides, rose directly out of the water, and were reflected on its calm surface.



“Why, the hills are standing on their heads,” exclaimed Norman, who for the first time in his life had witnessed such a scene.

Rowing on, they passed several pretty islands covered thickly with trees, among which, Fanny said, she should like to have a hut and live like Robinson Crusoe.

“No, I should be Robinson Crusoe, and you should be Friday,” exclaimed Norman, who knew the story, as it was in one of Fanny’s picture-books.

“Young gentleman, you should be proud of working for your sister,” observed the laird, who was busy getting his fishing-tackle ready. “It is far more manly to work for others, than to let others work for you.”

Norman held his tongue, for he had an opinion that he had better not contradict the old gentleman as he was accustomed to do other persons.

Fanny watched Mr. Maclean with great curiosity, as, at length having reached a spot where, the breeze playing over the surface, he expected the fish to rise, he began to throw the little fly at the end of his long line. Now he made it skim the water from one side to the other, now he drew it towards him, always keeping it in motion, just as a real fly would play over the surface. On a sudden there was a splash, and for an instant the head of a fish was seen above the surface, and the tip of the light rod bending, the line ran rapidly out of his reel. The laird began at length to wind up the line, in vain the poor fish swam here and



there, it could not get the sharp hook out of its mouth. Sandy, laying in his oars, got the landing-net ready. The rod was so light that it could not have borne the weight of the fish, but by putting the net beneath it he easily lifted it into the boat.

“Oh, what a fine fish,” exclaimed Fanny, as she examined the large loch trout which had been caught; “what delicate colours it has! How beautifully it is marked on the back!”

“We must get a few more, though, to make up our dish,” said Mr. Maclean, getting his line ready for another throw.

A second unwary trout was soon caught, and a third, and a fourth.

“I should like to fish too,” exclaimed Norman. “Won’t you let me have your long stick and string, Mr. Maclean? It seems very easy, and I am sure I should soon catch some.”

The laird laughed heartily.

“You are more likely to tumble into the water, and then we should have to catch you, young gentleman,” he answered. “It will take a good many years before you can throw a fly, let me tell you.”

Norman was not convinced.

“I’ll get Sandy to row me out some day.”

“He is welcome to do that; but remember, you must not be tumbling overboard.”

“I can take very good care of myself,” answered Norman, folding his arms, and trying to look very grand.



A broad grin came over the countenance of Sandy, who knew enough of English to understand him. He nodded to his master.

“If he comes with me I will take gude care of the child, and maybe he will catch a big trout some day; and you will come, young lady, and I will teach you to catch fish too,” he said, turning to Fanny.

“Oh, I am sure I should not like to run a hook into their mouths, it must hurt them so dreadfully,” answered Fanny.

“They are given to us for food, my little girl,” observed Mr. Maclean, “and most conscientiously I believe they suffer no real pain, and although the instinct of self-preservation makes them wish to escape, I doubt even whether they are frightened when they feel the hook in their mouths.”

Still Fanny was incredulous, and thought she should never agree with the laird on that point.

“I do not care whether the fish are hurt or not if I want to catch them,” observed Norman, showing his usual indifference to the feelings of others, whether human beings or animals.

Fanny enjoyed the row very much, and thanked Sandy for offering to take her and Norman out.

They reached home in time to have the trout dressed for dinner, and the laird insisted that the children should come down, and partake of some of the fish which they, as he said, had assisted to catch.

The laird was fond of the study of natural history,



and narrated a number of anecdotes especially of the sagacity of animals.

“Fanny and I have a difference of opinion as to whether fish when caught do or do not feel pain,” he observed. “I remember reading an anecdote which, if true, supports what she thinks. A surgeon was one day walking by the side of a pond in a gentleman’s grounds in England, when he saw a large pike, which had struck its head against a piece of iron projecting from a sunken log, and was struggling in the water close to the bank. The fish did not attempt to swim away, nor did it seem alarmed, when the surgeon stooped down, and lifted it gently out of the water. He at once saw that the jaw of the fish had been broken, and with his penknife and some strips of wood and linen, which he had in his pocket, he dexterously managed to bind up the jaw, after doing which, he placed the fish in the water. It did not even then swim away, but as long as he remained on the bank, kept watching him attentively.

The next day, going down to the pond what was his surprise to see the fish swim towards him, and poke his head out of the water. He perceived that some of the bandaging had been displaced, and lifting the fish as before gently on the bank he dressed the wound, and again returned it to its native element. As he walked along the bank, the fish swam by his side, and not till he turned his back, did it dart off into deep water.

The following day, he again went down to the pond, when the fish swam up to where he stood, though it



did no more than come to the edge, being apparently satisfied that its wound was going on well. As long as he remained in the place, the fish invariably appeared whenever he went to the pond, and swam close to the edge, as he walked along the bank.

I must confess that that fish must have had as much sense as many other animals, and probably felt more pain when injured, and would have been alarmed, if it had been attacked, or had found a hook in its jaws."

"But is the story really true?" asked Fanny.

"It is at all events as well authenticated as many other anecdotes," answered the laird. "By-the-by, Mrs. Vallery, I should like to witness the performances of the snake-charmers in India. Have you ever seen them?"

"Frequently," answered Mrs. Vallery. "They are very wonderful, and my husband has taken some pains to ascertain whether there is any imposture, but without success. They profess to charm the Cobra de Capella and other snakes, which are excessively venomous, and abound in all the hotter parts of the country. It is said, indeed, that 12,000 natives are killed annually by bites from them. The snake-charmers do not previously train the snakes, but will charm those only just caught, quite as well as those they carry about with them.

They use for this purpose, a hollow gourd on which they play a buzzing music. On one occasion, three men appeared, dressed only in their turbans and waist cloths, in which it was impossible they could have con-



ceased any snakes. My husband took them to some wild ground, where they speedily caught a couple of large cobras, and returning with the venomous creatures having placed them on the ground, made them rear up their bodies, and raise and bow their heads, keeping exact time with the music. After they had ceased, my husband speedily killed the snakes, and on examining them the poison fangs were found to be perfect. Generally, however, the snake-charmers either extract the fangs of the snakes they carry about with them, or wisely employ those which are harmless. They allow the creatures to crawl over their bodies, and twist and twine themselves in the most horrible manner round their necks and arms, and I have seen a snake putting its forked tongue into its master's mouth.

There are instances, however, of the venomous serpents biting the snake-charmers, who have thus lost their lives.

At one of the stations where my husband was quartered, snakes were very numerous, and we used to keep a mongoose in the house to destroy them. It is a pretty little animal, a species of ichneumon with cat-like habits and a very prying disposition. The common idea is, that if bitten by a venomous serpent, it runs to find a particular herb, which prevents the venom taking effect. This, however, is not really the case, the mongoose depends upon its own vigilance and great agility for escaping from the fangs of even the most active serpent, for if bitten, it would die like any other animal.



“I should not like to see men allowing snakes to put their tongues in their mouths, even though I knew that the fangs had been taken out,” observed Fanny. “But I should like to see the jugglers you were speaking of, mamma, who performed such wonderful tricks.”

“I was mentioning the Indian gipsies or Nutts, as they are called, who travel as those in England used to do, from one end of the country to the other, and appear to have no settled home. A party arrived one day at our station, and offered to exhibit their tricks, and your papa gave them leave to do so.

There were among them several persons of all ages. First an old man took his seat on the ground and began violently beating a drum, shouting out that we should soon see what we should see. Meantime a young man and a boy had fixed firmly in the ground a bamboo nearly thirty feet high, and while thus engaged, another man singing in a monotonous voice, was running round and round it. Presently a woman who was standing by, leaped on the shoulder of the running man, who did not stop, but continued his course as before, rapidly increasing his speed. In another minute she had leaped on his head, and there she stood with perfect steadiness, while he ran still faster, and the old man beat the drum louder and louder, shrieking all the time, even more shrilly than before, till the noise became almost deafening.

While our senses were somewhat bewildered by the sound, the boy ran up to the running man with a



large earthen pot, which the latter in a wonderful way placed on his head; the woman having, I suppose, in the meantime put her feet on his shoulders, for before I could follow her movements she appeared standing on the top of the pot, the man still running round as before.

The man who had been fixing the pole in the earth, now advanced, and taking up a heavy stone ball which it would have required a strong man to lift even a few inches from the ground, began playing with it, catching it now on one shoulder, now on the other, then in his hands, and on his arms and feet. Next he threw up two ivory balls, quickly adding others in succession, till there were no less than eight kept in motion at the same time, flying up in the air.

The first party, who had in the meantime been resting, now arranged a flat circular brass dish, of considerable size, on which were placed four pillars about three inches high. These were connected by four sticks, with other sticks above them, and then more pillars, and so on, till there were fully thirty pillars one above another, with a brass dish on the top of all. We thought it surprising that this structure could stand as it did, but greater was our amazement to see it lifted on the man's head while he was circling round the post, and still more astonished were we, when the woman sprang like lightning up in the air and stood on the top of all, as steadily as if she was on the ground, while the man continued rapidly circling round.



After this, one of the men leaped on the shoulders of the other, who was standing close to the pole, and then the woman making use of them as a ladder, sprang to the very top of the pole, on the point of which she lay in a horizontal position, when one of the men who had followed her, touching her foot, she began to spin round and round, like the card of a pocket compass on its point.

The men performed a variety of other tricks, but those I have mentioned are the most wonderful.

Here was no room for deception, though many of the tricks performed by Indian jugglers are really the result of clever sleight-of-hand.

“I think I would rather see the tricks which the conjuror did when we went to the Egyptian Hall last year with granny,” said Fanny; “I never like to look at people who are doing things by which if they make a mistake they may hurt themselves. I should not like to have seen Blondin, and the other people we read of in the newspapers, who run along tight ropes high up in the air.”

“I should think them very foolish for their pains, and wish them a better mode of gaining their livelihood,” observed Mr. Maclean, “and I agree with Fanny. A sailor has to climb the rigging of his ship, but then he goes in the way of duty, and when people mount in balloons, they have generally a scientific object in view, or some reason to offer. But in my opinion, the rest of the world should keep their feet on the earth as long as they can.”



Even Norman, was interested in this conversation, and declared that he recollected the performances of the jugglers which his mamma spoke of. He then described several scenes which he had witnessed in India, in a very clear way.

“You have got a head on your shoulders, young gentleman,” observed the laird; “I only hope you have got your heart in its right place.”

Mrs. Leslie sighed, for she was afraid that her little grandson had been so long allowed to have his own way, that though his heart might be in its right place, as the common expression is, it was sadly choked up with the bad seed of weeds, which were already beginning to sprout.

The next day was rainy, and neither Fanny nor Norman could go out. He behaved himself tolerably well in the drawing-room, but when they were at play together, he ordered her about in his usual dictatorial manner, and said several things which greatly tried her temper.

“Although he is so forward in many things, and talks so well, he is but a little boy after all,” she thought; “it is, however, easy to feel amiable and good when I am not opposed, but I ought to try and be so, notwithstanding all he says and does.”

The following day was bright and fine, and as Sandy could not take them out in the boat, the laird asked Fanny and Norman whether they would like to make another excursion with the carriage. “Oh yes! I shall like it very much,” exclaimed Norman. “Please cut



me another long stick, for Fanny broke the one you gave me the other day."

Fanny did not say why she broke it, so the laird cut another long thin wand, and gave it to Norman.

"Ah, this will make my horse go on at a good quick pace," he observed, flourishing it. "I won't ask you to drag me up the hill, because you can't," he said to Fanny, "so if you will pull, I'll push behind."

"That is very right of you," observed the laird, as his young friends set off on their excursion. "He is a fine little fellow, though too much addicted to boasting."

Fanny, with Norman pushing behind, soon dragged the carriage up the hill. He then declared that he was tired, and getting in told her to move on.

As the ground was tolerably smooth, she was able to do so at a speed which satisfied the young gentleman.

"Capital," he cried out, flourishing his stick, "my horse draws fast, go on, go on; now see if you can't gallop."

Fanny exerted herself to the utmost, and the air being pure and fresh she felt in good spirits.

The ground after some time became rather rougher, but Norman did not mind the bumping and thumping of the carriage, though it was much harder work for Fanny.

She at last began to go slower.

"Can't you keep it up," he cried out. "If you do not! Remember I have got my stick!"

"You must also remember how I treated you the last



time," said Fanny, "and if you use your stick as you did then, I will leave you in the carriage and run away."

"You had better not," said Norman. "You promised to take care of me. Mamma will be angry if you leave me on the moor all alone by myself."

"Very well, do not beat me with your stick, and I will drag you on as fast as I can," said Fanny.

Norman remembering that Fanny had broken his stick before, thought it would be wise not to tempt her to do so again, and therefore, though he continued to flourish it, and now and then to touch her frock, he did not venture to beat her.

Fanny went on contentedly, sometimes turning round to speak to him and sometimes stopping to rest. As the ground looked smoother to the right, Fanny turned off from the main track and went towards a clump of trees which she saw in the distance, knowing that it would serve as a guide to her and believing she could easily find her way back again.

On and on they went—Norman was delighted.

"This is great fun ; I wonder where we shall get to at last," he said, when Fanny again stopped to rest. "I think it will be soon time, however, to go back again," she observed, "for though Mr. Maclean told us we could come to no harm on the moor, we might lose our way if we went very far."

Norman urged her to go on.

"I see a cottage a little way off between the trees, let us go as far as that, and then we can turn back," he said.



Fanny wished to please him and though she already felt a little tired, she thought there would be no difficulty in reaching the cottage, and that she would like to talk to the people who lived in it. At length, however, the ground became rougher than ever, and they soon came to a shallow burn or stream which made its way from the higher part of the moor, and went winding along till it fell into the loch below.

"I am afraid we must turn back now at all events," she said, "I shall never be able to drag the carriage over this rough ground and across the stream, so we must go back and give up visiting the cottage."

"Oh no, no! go on," cried Norman, "you can easily cross the water, it is scarcely above the soles of your shoes and see there are some big stones on which you can tread while you drag the carriage along on one side of them."

"I think I could do that if you were not in it," said Fanny, "I must not let you, however, run the risk of wetting your feet; mamma objects to that as she is afraid of your catching cold. If you will cling round my neck, I will carry you across in my arms, and then I will go back and get the carriage."

"That will do very well," said Norman. "Lift me up! Be quick about it, and we shall soon be across."

Fanny dragging the carriage to the edge of the stream took up Norman, and though he was a heavy weight for her to carry, still she thought that she could take him across in safety. She had to tread very



carefully and slowly as the stream though shallow was wide and the stones uneven.

They had not gone many paces when Norman declared that she did not move fast enough.

"If I attempt to move faster I may let you fall," she answered.

"You had better not do that or mamma will be angry with you, and I am sure if you chose you could go faster than you are doing. Come, move on, move on," cried out the young tyrant, flourishing his stick, and ungrateful little boy that he was, he began to beat Fanny with it knowing that she dare not let him fall.

"Keep quiet, Norman," she exclaimed, "it is very naughty of you! You will make me let you drop, though I should be very sorry to do so."

Norman looked wickedly in her face, and only hit her harder.

As he was flourishing his stick, he knocked off her hat—she caught it, however, but in doing so she very nearly let him drop into the water. Still, though she begged and begged him to be quiet, he continued beating her, till after considerable exertions she reached dry ground in safety, and gladly put him down.

"Now, Norman," she exclaimed, "what do you deserve?"

"I do not care what I deserve, but I know that you had better not slap my face, for mamma was angry with you when you did so before, and papa says he won't allow anybody to beat me but himself, so just go and get the carriage as you said you would. You must



not leave it there, somebody will run away with it, and I shall have to walk all the way home."

"Very well, do you stay where you are, and I will go and bring it across," said Fanny.

Norman agreed to stop, and Fanny went back carefully making her way over the stepping-stones. She found the task of dragging the carriage across without stepping into the water much greater than she had expected. Norman shouted to her to make haste.

"I am doing my best, and cannot go faster," she answered.

"If you are not quicker I will stay here no longer," answered Norman.

Without stopping to see whether she did move faster, off he ran.

At that moment poor Fanny's foot slipped, and before she could regain her balance, down she fell into the stream. In doing so she hurt her arm, and wet her clothes almost all over. Norman, instead of coming to help her, laughed heartily at her misfortune, and scampered away crying out, "It served you right, you should have come faster when I told you."

Poor Fanny felt very much inclined to cry with vexation, but knowing that that would do no good, she managed to scramble up again, and as her feet were wet, she stepped on through the water, and soon got the carriage to the other side of the stream. As Norman did not come back to her, she ran after him, dragging it on.

"Norman! Norman!" she cried out, but instead



of coming back, he made his way towards the cottage.

She had nearly overtaken him just as they had got close to it, when the door opened, and an old man appeared, followed by a little fair-haired child, much younger than Norman.

“What is the matter?” asked the old man, eyeing the two children whose voices he had heard.

“My young brother ran away from me, and I tumbled down and wet my frock,” answered Fanny.

“Come in, then, and dry yourself,” said the old man.

“But I have wet my stockings and shoes,” said Fanny, “and they will take a long time to dry.”

“I shall be happy to have your company, my pretty lassie, as long as you like to stay,” said the old man. “I ken ye are staying with Glen Tulloch and ony of his friends are welcome here.”

“We are staying with Mr. Maclean,” answered Fanny, “and were making an excursion over the moor, when we saw your cottage, and thought we should like to visit you.”

“We call Mr. Maclean Glen Tulloch about here, as that’s the name of his house,” answered the old man. “Come in! come in! We will soon get your wet shoes and stockings off, though I am afraid you must sit without any while they are drying, for Robby there has never had a pair to his feet, and my old slippers are too large for you, I have a notion.”

Fanny observed that though the old man used a few Scotch expressions, he spoke English perfectly. His



dress, too, was more like that of a sailor than the costume worn by the surrounding peasantry.

Norman, who had also come into the house, stood while they were speaking, eyeing the little boy, without saying anything. At last, looking up at the old man, he asked,

“Is that your son?”

“No, young gentleman, he is my grandson,” was the answer, “he is the only one alive of all my family, and I am to him as father and mother, and nurse and play-mate. Am I not, Robby?”

“Yes, grandfather,” answered the child, looking up affectionately at the old man, “I do not want any one to play with but you.”

“Would you not like a ride in our little carriage?” asked Fanny. “As soon as my shoes and stockings are dry I shall be happy to draw you.”

Robby nodded his head, and came near to Fanny.

“Would you not like to go out and play with the young gentleman?” asked the old man.

“I do not want him,” said Norman haughtily; “I am not accustomed to play with little brats of that sort.”

“Oh, Norman, how can you say that?” exclaimed Fanny, very much annoyed.

“Is he your brother, young lady?” asked the old man, looking with a pitying eye on Norman, but not at all angry.

“Yes,” said Fanny.

“I should not have thought it. There is a wide difference between you, I see.”



Fanny did not quite understand him.

Norman sat himself down on a stool in the corner of the room, and folded his arms in the fashion which he adopted when he wished to be dignified.

“You have come a long way from Glen Tulloch, young lady, and I must see you safe back, for your young brother I have a notion is not likely to be much help to you,” said the old man; “Robby, though he is very small, is accustomed to take care of the house, for I often have to leave him by himself.”

Fanny thanked him, for, recollecting the difficulties she encountered in coming, she felt somewhat anxious about the homeward journey, especially as Norman had behaved so ill, and very likely would continue in his present mood.

Her stockings were soon dry, but her boots took longer, and were somewhat stiff when she put them on. They were some which her mamma had brought her from Paris, and were not very well suited for walking in the Highlands.

“I am afraid I have nothing to offer you to eat suitable to your taste, young lady,” said the old man, “though you must be hungry after your long journey. Robby and I live on ‘brose’ to our breakfast, dinner, and supper, but will you just take a cup of milk? it was fresh this morning, and you may want it after your walk.”

Fanny gladly accepted the old man’s offer, and then looked at Norman.

The cup of milk greatly restored her. The old man,



without saying a word, brought another and offered it to Norman.

The young gentleman took it without scarcely saying thank you. Again, the old man cast a look of compassion on him.

“Poor boy,” he said quietly, “he kens no better.”

Robby had in the meantime run out, and was admiring the carriage by himself, thinking how much he should like to have it to drag about, and to bring the meal home in, instead of allowing his grandfather to carry it on his back.

Fanny was curious all the time, to learn something more about their host. He was evidently different to the other people around, and it seemed so strange that he and the little boy should be living together in that lone cottage on the wild moor. But she did not like to ask him questions, and as he did not offer to say anything more about himself than he had done, she restrained her curiosity intending to ask Mr. Maclean more about him when she got home.

At last her clothes, and boots, and stockings being dry, she told the old man that she thought it was time to begin their homeward journey.

“As you wish, young lady,” he answered, and accompanied her and Norman out of the cottage. They found Robby at the door, looking at the carriage.

“Oh, you must get in,” said Fanny, “and I will draw you. My brother can walk very well some of the way.”

“Thank you, young lady,” said the old man; “if you will let Robby have a ride, I will draw the carriage,



and let him come a little way, but he must go back, and look after the house, and it would be over far for him to return, if he came with us to Glen Tulloch."

Norman looked very angry when Robby got into the carriage, and he himself had to walk, but he dared not complain, as there was something in the old man's manner which made him stand in awe of him.

After they had gone a short distance, his grandfather told Robby to run back, and thanking Fanny, invited Norman to get in. The young gentleman did so, but he did not use his stick, as he had done when Fanny was dragging him.

They easily crossed the stream, and Fanny was surprised to find how soon they reached the top of the hill near Glen Tulloch.

"Now, young lady, you can easily take the carriage home, so I will wish you good-bye," said the old man; "I hope you will come soon again—it does my heart good to see you." Fanny promised, if she was allowed, soon again to pay him a visit, and wishing him good-bye, while he strolled back over the moor, she dragged the carriage down the hill. She met the laird setting out to look for her and Norman.

"Why, my bonny lassie, the ladies were afraid that you had wandered away over the moor and lost yourselves, you have been so long away, and they sent me off to try and find you."

Fanny, without blaming Norman, told him of their adventure in the stream, and their meeting with the old man and his little grandson in the lone hut on the moor.



“Ah, that was old Alec Morrison,” observed the laird. “His is a sad history, I will tell it you by-and-by, but come along home and satisfy the ladies that you are not lost.”

“I am very glad you have come back at last, Fanny, we were getting anxious about you,” said Mrs. Vallery. “I must not allow you to make excursions with Norman unless you can manage to come back with him in good time.”

“I will try and manage better another time, mamma,” she said, looking up after a minute’s silence. “I should very much like to pay another visit to the old man who was so kind to us, and to take something for his little grandson. Poor little fellow, I pity him so much having to live out on a wild moor, where there are no other children to play with him. His grandfather says he often leaves him alone in the cottage by himself.”

“I cannot promise positively to let you go,” said Mrs. Vallery, “but I am sure that you will do your best to return in good time. I hope to be able to do so, and I should wish you to take something for the poor little child you speak of.”

“Thank you, mamma,” said Fanny, kissing Mrs. Vallery affectionately, and forgetting all about the way Norman had treated her, she ran off to prepare for tea.





## CHAPTER VI.

### LEARNING TO FISH.

THE next morning while they were at breakfast, Fanny asked the laird to tell her something about Alec Morrison, the old man who had been so kind to her and her brother the previous day.

“I can only give you the outline of his history, but perhaps you may get him to narrate some of the many adventures he has gone through,” he answered.

“He was born not far from this, and his mother was a shepherd’s only daughter. His father who belonged also to this neighbourhood, when quite a young man had driven some cattle to a seaport town when he got pressed on board a man-of-war, and had sailed away to a foreign station, before he could let his friends know what had become of him, or take any steps to obtain his liberation. He had promised to marry Jennie Dow, whom he truly loved, and had hoped soon to save enough by his industry to set up house.

“Years and years passed by during which Jennie, who would not believe that he was dead, remained faithful to him. Her father was getting old, and her friends



advised her to secure a home for herself. She replied that it would be time enough to do so when her father was dead, and that as long as he lived, she would stay and look after him.

“At length, on the evening of a summer’s day, a one-armed man in a sailor’s dress approached the door. He looked ill and hungry and tired. He stopped and asked for a cup of milk and a bit of bannock.

“‘I will pay for both, gladly,’ he said, ‘and be thankful besides, for without some food I feel scarcely able to get on even to the village where, if the friends I once had there are still alive, I am sure to get a night’s lodging and to learn about others, though may be they have forgotten me long ago.’

“‘Come in and sit down, old friend,’ said the shepherd, and Jennie placed a cup of milk and a bannock on the table.

“As she did so she cast an inquiring glance at the face of the stranger.

“‘Who are you, friend?’ asked Alec Dow. ‘I am as likely as any one to tell you of the people in these parts.

“‘I am sure it must be,’ exclaimed Jennie, coming forward and placing her hand on the stranger’s shoulder. ‘Don’t you know me, Alec Morrison?’

“‘O Jennie, I thought you must be married long ago!’ exclaimed the sailor, jumping to his feet, ‘for I could not think that you would have remembered me. And can you care for me now—a battered old hulk as I am, with one arm and half-a-dozen bullets through me, besides I don’t know how many cutlass cuts and wounds from pikes?’



“‘I have never ceased to hope that you would return,’ was Jennie’s answer.

“As his daughter was the only being the old shepherd loved, he allowed her to marry the wounded sailor, who took up his abode with them, and served him faithfully till he died.

“Times went hard with Jennie and her husband, for Morrison’s constitution was shattered, and he could not work as hard as he wished. They had one son, Alec, who grew up a fine manly boy. The sailor was fond of spinning yarns, to which his son listened with rapt attention, and longed to meet with the same adventures as his father.

“The boy was little more than twelve years old when his sailor father died from the wounds he had received fighting his country’s battles.

“Though his thoughts often wandered away over the wide ocean which he had never yet seen, young Alec dutifully did his best to assist his mother, but she did not long survive her husband, and he was left an orphan.

“It would have been a hard matter for him living all alone to have made a livelihood, so he sold two of his heifers to obtain an outfit, and leaving the remainder as well as his cottage in charge of a relative of his father’s, he started off to the nearest seaport. He had no difficulty in finding a ship, for he was as likely a lad as a captain could wish to have on board.

“He sailed away to foreign lands, to the East and West Indies, Australia, and the wide Pacific, and though he may have visited English ports in the mean-



time, many a long year passed before he again saw the home of his youth.

“He at length came back with a young wife, and some money in his pocket. He had undoubtedly pictured in his imagination his cottage on the wild moor as an earthly paradise, and had described it as such to his wife. When she saw it, she expressed a very different opinion, and complained of the wretched hovel and savage region to which he had brought her. Poor Alec told her with all sincerity that he had believed it to be very different to what he owned it really was. He promised to take her back to the town where her father lived, although in order to support her he must again go to sea. His relation was an honest man and promised to take charge of his property as before, for Alec would not sell it, and leaving his young wife he once more went to sea.

“On his return from his first voyage, he found that she was dead, and had left behind her a daughter. He had still the little damsel to work for, and so the brave sailor placed her under charge of her grandmother, and again sailed away over the ocean.

“His thoughts often wandered back to his little daughter for whose benefit he was enduring hardships and dangers—twice he was wrecked, and many years passed by before he again got home, and found his daughter no longer a little child but a full-grown woman, and as ready I am afraid to spend the old sailor's money as her mother had been. He had not, however, much to give her, and so in a short time off to sea he went



again to get more. Next time he came back feeling that this voyage must be the last, for he was getting too old to endure the hardships of a life on the ocean, he found his daughter married to a sailor. Her husband had soon to go away to sea, and shortly afterwards news came that his fine ship had foundered, and all on board had perished. His poor young wife was heart-broken at the news, and not many weeks afterwards she was taken away, leaving her little boy who was born at the time to the charge of her father. Her mother's family were all dead, and Alec Morrison found himself alone in the world with his little grandson Robby, and possessed of but scanty means of support. He had just money enough to bring him to his old home in the Highlands.

“His cousin though a poor man had done his best to keep the cottage in repair, and to preserve a few head of cattle which he handed over to him.

“The old sailor took up his abode with little Robby in the cottage, hoping with the small plot of ground surrounding it and his cattle to obtain the means of supporting himself and his grandson. He, often, I fear has a difficulty in doing so, but he never complains, and recollecting how he lived as a boy, often I believe fancies himself one again.

“He employs his spare time in taming birds and making cages for them, and in cutting models of vessels and boats, and manufacturing other articles; indeed, I believe he is never idle, and seems as contented and happy as if he had been prosperous all his life, and never met with a misfortune.



“There, I have told you all I know about old Alec and his ancestors and descendants—four generations if I reckon rightly. I daresay as I before said, if you ask him that he will be happy to narrate some of the many adventures he has met with during his voyages. I suspect that he often, while enjoying his pipe, tells them to Robby as he sits on his knee during the long winter evenings, though the little fellow must be puzzled to understand whereabouts they take place, unless he knows more about geography than probably is the case.”

“Thank you, Mr. Maclean,” exclaimed Fanny, “I long to see old Alec again, after the account you have given us of him; I feel so sorry for him that he should have lost his father and mother, his wife and daughter, and all the money he has gained with so much toil and hardship, and now to be compelled to live alone with a little child to look after.”

“I am very sure he thinks the little child a great blessing, and would much rather have it than be without its companionship,” observed Mrs. Leslie. “From the account you gave of the boy, he is very intelligent and obedient.”

“Oh yes!” answered Fanny, “he seems to understand what his grandfather wishes him to do, and does it immediately. When he was sent back, before going he sprang up into the old man’s arms, and gave him a kiss, and then ran off across the moor singing merrily.”

“I thought him a stupid little brat,” muttered Norman. “When I ran out while you were drying your clothes, Fanny, and told him to draw me about in



the carriage, he said that he could not till he had asked his grandfather's leave, as he had to run after one of the cows which was straying further than she ought."

"That, instead of showing that he is stupid, proves that he is sensible and obedient, and I wish that another little boy I know of, was equally sensible and obedient," observed Mrs. Leslie, looking at Norman.

Norman tried to appear unconcerned, but he knew very well that his grandmamma alluded to him.

"I will make him do what I want, the next time I go there," said Norman, but he took care that Mrs. Leslie should not hear him.

The account which Fanny had heard, made her eager to set off that morning to visit the old sailor and his grandchild.

"May we have the carriage, Mr. Maclean?" she asked. "I should so like to take little Robby some toys, or picture-books, or fruit, or something that he would like ; it would make him happy, and, I hope, please the old man."

"We shall be very glad to give you some things to take," said Mrs. Maclean, "and though I do not think we have any toys, we may find some picture-books, at all events we can send some fruit and cakes which will be welcome."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," exclaimed Fanny, "if we go as soon as we have had our reading, we shall be back by luncheon-time, and now I think I know the way too well to run the risk of losing it."

"You must take care not to tumble into the water again though," said Mrs. Vallery.



“I will take care not to do that, mamma ; indeed, there is no risk of it, as old Alec showed us a safe way across the stream, and I can easily carry Norman over, so that there will be no chance either of his tumbling in, if he does not kick about while I have him in my arms.”

“Will you behave properly, and do as your sister tells you ?” asked Mrs. Vallery, turning to Norman.

“I always behave properly,” answered the young gentleman, looking indignant at the idea of his ever doing otherwise.

“Norman will be very good I am sure,” said Fanny, fearing that any difficulty might arise to prevent the intended excursion.

Just as they left the breakfast-room, however, Sandy Fraser came to the door.

“It’s a fine day for the young folks to take a row on the loch, and so I just came up to see if they were willing to go,” he said, as he pulled off his bonnet and wished the laird and ladies good morning.

“Oh, I shall like that much better than bumping over the moor in the little cart,” exclaimed Norman. “Fanny, I am going with Sandy Fraser on the loch, and you can pay your visit to old Alec and his stupid little grandson another day. It will be much better fun to row about on the water, and I will take a rod and line, and I am sure I shall catch I don’t know how many fish in a short time.”

These remarks were not heard by the rest of the party.

“Mamma, do let me go with Sandy Fraser,” ex-



claimed Norman, as Mrs. Vallery appeared from the breakfast-room. "Fanny does not care about the trip over the moor I am sure, and we shall both like a row in the boat much better."

"In that case, as Sandy has come up for you, I certainly would rather you accompanied him," said Mrs. Vallery, and going to the door without waiting to hear what Fanny had to say on the subject, she told Sandy that the children would soon be ready, if Mr. Maclean approved of their going.

"That's jolly," cried Norman. "Mr. Maclean can you lend me one of your rods? I want to catch some fish for you."

"You would find it a hard matter even to hold one," answered the laird, "but I will get a long thin stick cut, which you will be able to manage better than one of my rods. And let me advise you to sit quiet in the boat, and do what Sandy tells you, or you will get into mischief. If you promise me this you may go."

"Oh yes, I promise to sit quiet," answered Norman, and you may be sure I will not get into mischief."

Fanny though she liked going on the water, would much rather have paid a visit to old Alec, but she was always ready to give up her wishes to please others, and as Norman seemed so eager to take a row in the boat, she agreed to accompany him.

Sandy undertook to dig for some worms for bait, and to cut a rod. When he brought it back, Mr. Maclean fastened a line with a float and a hook to it.

"There, young gentleman, you are fitted out as an



angler," he observed, as he gave it him. "Would you like a very large basket to bring back your fish in, or will a small one do?"

"I think I had better take a large one," answered Norman. "Fanny can carry it down to the boat, and Sandy and I will bring it back slung on a thick stick when it's full of fish."

The laird laughed heartily. "You must not blame your fishing-rod if you are not successful, for you will catch quite as many with it, as you would were I to lend you one of mine," he observed. "Now good-bye, and remember your promise to behave properly, and Sandy will do his part in looking after you."

Fanny came down ready to set off.

While she walked on by the side of the old man, Norman frequently started ahead, flourishing his fishing-rod in the way he had seen Mr. Maclean flourish his, and eager to begin drawing in the fish he expected to catch.

They soon reached the boat.

"Now, Miss Fanny, do you sit in the stern, and Master Norman, you keep by me in the middle of the boat, and take care that you do not hook your sister when you are whisking about your rod. We will gang to the end of the loch first, where I promised to take you, and then you can begin to fish on the way back."

"But why should I not begin to fish at once?" exclaimed Norman. "That's what I want to do, I do not care about the scenery."

"But the young lady maybe does," observed Sandy, "and I wish to do what she likes best."



“But I want to fish, I say,” exclaimed Norman. “Why cannot I begin while the boat is going on? I wish you would put some bait on my hook, for I don’t like to touch the nasty worms—then you will see how soon I shall catch a fish.”

Sandy gave a broad grin, as he put on a worm, and then throwing the line into the water, let Norman hold his stick, while he again took the oars, and rowed slowly along towards the end of the loch.

Fanny sat in the stern of the boat, looking like a bright little fairy—admiring the scenery, even more than she did on her first excursion with the laird. She wished that Norman could admire it too, but he kept his eye on the float, thinking much more of the fish he expected to catch than of the mountains and rocks and tree-covered islets.

“I am so very much obliged to you for bringing us,” she said to Sandy. “This is indeed very beautiful.”

“Oh yes, its very braw,” answered Sandy,—but she could obtain no further expression of admiration from him, for having lived near the loch nearly all his life, he saw nothing very remarkable about it.

“I wonder whether there is any other place equal to this in all Scotland,” exclaimed Fanny, after they had gone a little further, and had come in sight of a deep valley opening up on one side, down which a sparkling stream rushed impetuously into the loch, while a waterfall came leaping down from rock to rock among the trees which clothed the valley’s side, now appearing, now concealed from sight by the overhanging foliage.



“Oh yes!” answered Sandy, “there are mony streams and lochs in the He’lands, but ye maun gang far to find one with fish bigger than swim in Loch Tulloch.”

“But I was speaking of the scenery,” said Fanny.

“I dinna ken much about that,” said Sandy, not exactly understanding her.

Still Fanny continued to make her remarks, and to utter exclamations of delight, and Sandy was at all events satisfied that she was well pleased.

“I wish you would not talk so much, Fanny,” cried Norman. “I have been fishing away for I don’t know how long, and I have not caught anything yet, and I am sure it is all your fault. You frighten the fish away.”

“Unless the fish come to the top of the water, they are not likely to bite at your hook,” she replied, “for I have seen it floating there, ever since Sandy began to row.”

“Can’t you stop rowing then, and let me catch some fish,” exclaimed Norman, turning round with an aggrieved look to the old man. “It matters much more that I should catch fish, than that we should get to the end of the loch just to please Fanny.”

“I have no objection to stop rowing if you wish it, young gentleman,” said Sandy, “though I would rather hear you say that you wanted to please your sister more than yourself.”

Norman did not heed the rebuke, but seeing his hook sink down fully believed that he was going to catch a fish. He waited and waited with unusual patience for him, but still his float rested without moving on the calm waters.



“There are no fish here, young gentleman, that have a fancy for your hook. We will go on to the end of the loch as I promised your sister, and try what we can do when we come back. Just sit down and let your line hang out if you like. There will be no harm in doing that, though the fish may not be the worse for it.”

As Sandy began to move his oars, Norman was obliged to do as he was told. He looked very sulky and angry however, and would not even answer Fanny when she spoke to him.

At last they reached the end of the loch. Here the mountain appeared to be cloven in two—a narrow channel running at the bottom of the gorge and uniting Loch Tulloch to another larger loch beyond. Fanny was delighted, especially when Sandy poling the boat along proceeded onwards till the loch and bright sunshine being left behind, they found themselves in the gloom of the narrow gorge with lofty cliffs arching overhead, so that when they looked up, all they could see was a narrow strip of blue sky above them.

“We cannot go further,” said Sandy, “for some big rocks stop the passage, or I would take you a row through a larger loch than our ain. If you stand up you can just see its blue waters shining brightly at the head of the gorge.”

“I want to go back and begin fishing,” cried Norman, in an angry tone, “we are wasting our time here.”

“Yours is very valuable time, young gentleman, I doubt not,” remarked Sandy, standing up in the bow



of the boat, which having turned round, he began to pole out by the way they had entered.

They were soon again in the loch, which looked brighter and more beautiful than ever after the gloom of the gorge.

They had not gone far when Norman again insisted on stopping.

"You promised that you would let me fish on our way back, and I am sure there must be numbers about here," he said, throwing in his line.

"I should not wonder that there was no worm on your hook," observed Sandy, after they had waited some time. "I thought so," he continued, when Norman pulled up his line; "you canna expect ony fish to bite at a bare hook."

"But put on another worm," said Norman, who again tried for some time with equal want of success.

He was beginning to lose patience.

"Try deeper, young gentleman, fish swim further down than you think for," observed Sandy.

Norman did not know what he meant, and so Sandy slipped the float considerably higher up the line. Still no fish were to be tempted by his worm.

"I wish you would make them bite," Norman exclaimed petulantly. "I shall never catch anything with this stupid stick and string; Mr. Maclean ought to have lent me one of his own rods, and then I should have caught some fish for him."

Sandy who would never allow anything to be said against the laird in his presence, felt very angry with Norman at this remark.



“You are very ungrateful, young gentleman, to say that,” he remarked. “I have let you fish long enough already, though if you were to try till nightfall, you would go back with your basket empty, so just draw in your line and sit quiet, it’s time to be making our way back.”

Norman looked somewhat surprised at this address.

“It’s all the fault of the stupid stick,” he exclaimed, and standing up he threw it away from him into the loch, and began dancing about to give vent to his anger and disappointment.

The old man rowed on, taking no notice of his foolish conduct. Fanny, however, felt very much ashamed of him, and begged him to be quiet, but he only jumped about the more, declaring that he would complain to his mamma of the way Sandy had treated him.

After he had thus given vent to his feelings for some time, and had become more quiet, Sandy, who was really good-natured, and was sorry for his disappointment, promised that if he would be a good boy, he would take him out in the evening when the fish were more ready to bite, and show him how he himself caught them. This pacified him, and he sat quiet for some time. Still, as he thought how foolish he would look going back with his big basket and no fish in it, he began again to grow angry.

“It’s all Fanny’s fault,” he said to himself, “if she had not wanted to row about the lake, I should have had time to catch some fish.”

Not knowing what was passing in his mind, Fanny, whose eyes fell on the basket, laughingly said to Norman.



“Shall I carry it home again, or will you and Sandy carry it between you on a stick, as you proposed?”

“Why do you say that?” exclaimed Norman, jumping up, “you are sneering at me; you will go and tell them I daresay that I threw my rod into the water.”

“Indeed, I will not,” said Fanny, “I do not wish that any one should laugh at you.”

“You are always laughing at me yourself,” he answered, growing more angry. “But I will keep you in order, you are but a girl, and girls should always obey their brothers, that’s what I think.”

“You are but a little boy, though you think yourself a big one,” said Fanny, somewhat nettled at the way he spoke. “I wish to be kind to you, but I will not obey you, especially when you are angry, as you appear to be now, without any cause that I can see.”

Fanny was not aware how very angry Norman was.

Suddenly darting at her, he seized her hat and tore it off her head.

“Take care, young gentleman, what you are about,” cried Sandy, putting in his oars and about to take hold of Norman, who with Fanny’s hat in his hand, had jumped up on the seat.

“Your hat shall go after my fishing-rod,” he cried out, and was about to throw it as far from him as he could into the water, when, in making the attempt, he lost his balance and overboard he fell.

For a moment the water which got into his mouth as he struggled and splashed about, prevented him from



uttering any sound. When he came to the surface he quickly found his voice.

“Help! help! I am drowning!” he shrieked out. “I am drowning! I am drowning! Oh save me, save me!”

Sandy quickly leaning over the side of the boat caught hold of him, and dragged him in, though he continued to shriek lustily, and struggle as if he was still in the water.

Poor Fanny gave a cry of alarm.

“He is all safe, young lady, and the cold bath will cool his anger, and won’t do him any harm,” observed Sandy. “But we will just pull off his wet clothes, and I will wrap him in my jacket.”

Norman who soon regained his senses, and became quieter when he found himself safe in the boat again objected to this, but Sandy insisted on doing what he proposed, and in spite of his struggles, took off his wet things, and made him put on his jacket, which he fastened round his waist with a handkerchief.

Fanny who had recovered from her fright, could scarcely help laughing at the funny figure he presented, dressed in the coat with the sleeves turned half way back, so that he might have his hands free.

“You will keep quiet now, young gentleman, I hope, or you will be tumbling overboard again,” said Sandy. “I don’t know what the laird will say to you, when he hears how it happened.”

Norman looked foolish, and made no reply.

Sandy had in the meantime picked up Fanny’s hat, and he now spread Norman’s clothes out on the seats



that they might dry in the sun. Having done this, he pulled away as fast as he could towards the landing-place near the house.

As Norman's clothes were not nearly dry by the time they reached the shore, he packed them away in the basket, which was thus made useful, though in a different way to what Norman expected. Having secured the boat, and helped Fanny out, Sandy took Norman up in his arms and marched away with him to the house.

The laird saw them coming, and of course inquired what had happened.

Fanny would as usual, have tried to save her brother from being blamed, but Sandy told the whole story.

"You brought it upon yourself, by disobeying orders, Norman," observed Mr. Maclean. "I will go in and tell your mamma and Mrs. Leslie what has occurred, that they may not be alarmed, and the best thing you can do is to go to bed, and to stay there till your clothes are dried. You must not expect to go out in the boat again, as I see you cannot be trusted."

"It was all Fanny's fault, she had no business to make me angry," answered Norman; "it is very hard that I should be punished because of her."

The laird made no answer, but telling a maid-servant who appeared at the moment to carry Master Vallery upstairs and put him to bed, he entered the drawing-room where the ladies were sitting.

The laird took care not to alarm them when he described what had happened.



“Sandy did not tell you that I laughed at Norman, and that made him angry,” said Fanny.

“He had no business to be angry, young lady,” observed the laird. “Let me advise you, my dear Mrs. Vallery, to allow him to remain in bed till he becomes more amiable. His tumble into the water may perhaps be an advantage to him, and teach him the consequences of giving way to his anger.”

Mrs. Vallery, however, though assured that no real harm had happened to her boy, could not refrain from running upstairs to see him.

Norman did not appear at all sensible that he had brought the accident upon himself, and declared that it was all Fanny’s fault, and that he would not stop in bed.

Mrs. Vallery at last yielded to his entreaties to be allowed to get up, and obtaining some fresh clothes, led him down to dinner, after he had promised that he would tell Mr. Maclean he was sorry for having disobeyed his orders. Norman did so, though not with a very good grace, and he could not help feeling for the rest of the day that he was out of favour with the laird.

Mrs. Leslie did not allude to the subject, for she hoped that his mamma had said all that was necessary, and Norman congratulated himself that he had got off more cheaply altogether than he had expected.

Poor Fanny was the chief sufferer, for she longed to say how delighted she was with the scenery, and yet she did not like, on account of her brother, to mention the subject. Norman, however, tried to look as unconcerned as possible, as if he had done nothing to be ashamed of.



Fanny, who wished very much to carry the presents to little Robby, and to see the old sailor again, begged the next morning that she might take Norman, as had been before arranged, with the little carriage.

“But I do not know if we can trust Norman,” observed the laird; “he may be scampering off by himself across the moor, and give you a great deal of trouble to catch him.”

“Oh! but I am sure Norman will behave well to-day,” pleaded Fanny. “Won’t you, Norman? You will promise Mr. Maclean that you will do as he tells you.”

“Of course I will,” answered Norman. “Because I happen to do one day what you don’t like, you fancy that I must always do what you think wrong.”

“If you promise me that you will obey your sister, you shall have the carriage, as I hope that I may trust to your word.”

Norman promised that he would do whatever Fanny told him.

“Will you cut me a whip, Mr. Maclean?” he added, “I cannot drive a carriage without one.”

“Pray let it be short then, the horse is not very far off, and a large one may tickle its shoulders and ears more than it likes,” said Fanny, looking archly at Norman, showing that though she had forgiven him, she had not forgotten the way he had treated her on their former excursion.

The laird cut a short thin wand which could not do much harm in the hands of Norman, and kindly saw them off as before on the road.



The day was fine and bright, and the pure Highland air raised Fanny's spirits. She drew on the little carriage at a quick rate, singing merrily as she went. Norman felt unusually happy, he flourished his stick without attempting to beat Fanny, and shouted at the top of his voice. When the ground was rough, and the carriage bumped about, he held on to the sides with both his hands, but even that he thought very good fun. Quite regardless, however, of the exertion Fanny had to make on his account, he told her to go faster and faster.

"I like the bumping and tumbling. It puts me in mind of being at sea,—go on, go on," he shouted.

Fanny proceeded for some distance, and at last felt so tired, that she was obliged to stop.

"I must rest for a few minutes, Norman," she said, "for really it is very hard work going over this rough ground."

"Oh, nonsense! you are lazy, you see how I like it, and so you ought to keep going on, I cannot give you many minutes to rest," he replied.

"That's a good joke," said Fanny, "if you will drag the carriage and let me get into it, you will soon find that it is not so easy as you suppose to drag it over this ground."

"You are heavier than I am, so that would not be fair, and besides, you promised to draw me, and you say you always do what you promise."

"That is true," said Fanny; "I am much heavier than you are, and I have really no wish that you should



draw me, but pray have patience, and I will go on again."

Norman got out of the carriage and ran about, he might just as well have gone on in front, and saved Fanny the trouble of dragging him so far ; that, he did not think of.

At last Fanny proposed that he should get in again, and on they went. The ground was, however, still rougher than what they had passed over. Norman cried out to Fanny, who was going somewhat slower than at first, to move faster.

"I cannot, Norman ; indeed I cannot," she answered.

"I shall run the risk of tumbling down, if I do."

"Then I'll make you," he shouted out.

As he could not reach her with his stick from where he sat, he jumped up to lean forward that he might do so. Just then the carriage gave a violent bump, and out he tumbled, falling on some hard stones. He shrieked out, fancying himself dreadfully hurt, and very angry at what had happened to him.

"You did it on purpose, I know you did," he exclaimed, as Fanny came to pick him up.

Fanny was a little alarmed at first, but she soon found that a slight bruise or two was all the harm he had received, so, after stopping a short time till he had ceased crying and complaining, she put him into the carriage again, and went on more carefully than before. Norman did not again insist on her moving faster, as he was occupied in feeling his elbows and shoulders and wondering whether he was much bruised.



Soon after crossing the stream, they came in sight of Alec Morrison's cottage. The ground was smooth near it, so Fanny was able to go on pretty fast, and Norman got into better humour, and shouted and sang as at first.

As they approached the cottage they saw Robby, who had heard their voices coming out to meet them. Poor little fellow, as he did not expect visitors, and the weather was hot, he had very few clothes on, but he did not think about that.

Fanny, stopping, made Norman get out of the carriage that she might take out the things which were placed under the seat.

"Here, Robby," she said, as the little boy came up, "we have brought you some nice fruit, and some cakes, and some picture-books, which Mrs. Maclean gave us for you."

"Thank you, young lady, thank you," exclaimed Robby, receiving them with delight, as Fanny took them out of the carriage, while Norman stood by, feeling somewhat jealous that the little beggar boy, as he chose to think Robby, should have so many things given him.

"Is your grandfather at home?" asked Fanny. "I have been longing to come and see him, and to thank him for helping us on our way back the other day."

"No; I am keeping house alone, but grandfather will soon be back, so don't go away, please, till he comes," answered Robby, who was holding the things which Fanny had given him in his arms. "Won't you come in, young lady, and rest?"



“No, thank you, I would rather stay outside in the shade till your grandfather comes back,” said Fanny, as she did not like to go into the old man’s cottage without an invitation from him. “Do you, Robby, go in with the things, and put them away,” she added, for she rather mistrusted Norman, who continued eyeing the little boy with no very kind looks.

Robby ran in with his treasures.

“Stupid little brat,” observed Norman, “I wonder Mrs. Maclean sent him all those things, I should have thought a piece of bread and cheese was quite enough for him.”

“When we make presents we should try and give nice things, such as people who receive them will like,” said Fanny. “Old Alec could give his grandson bread and cheese, but he probably would be unable to obtain the sort of things we have brought. I wish when I make a present to give something that I myself like.”

“I do not understand anything about that,” answered Norman, turning away, and flourishing his stick as he walked up and down.

Old Alec soon appeared, with a basket containing food for himself and Robby, which he had gone to the village to purchase.

“It does my heart good to see you and your brother,” he exclaimed, as he came up.

“Grandfather!” cried Robby, “they have brought me all sorts of nice things—look here, look here!” and Robby led the old man into the cottage that he might exhibit the gifts he had received. “They would not



come in themselves, but said they would wait till you returned. I think the young gentleman would like some of the fruit, for he looked at it when his sister gave it to me. Can I run out and offer it to him? Perhaps, though, he will be offended, for he looks very proud."

"Yes, Robby, go and give the young gentleman some fruit," said old Alec, who was at the time turning his eyes towards several cages which hung against the wall, with birds in most of them.

He first looked at one, and then at another and another. At last he selected one neater and prettier than the rest, containing a linnet.

"This will be the thing for the little damsel," he observed. "If it was made of gold it would not be too good for her."

Fanny and Norman had still remained outside seated on a bench in the shade. They did not observe Robby, who came back with some of the fruit, intending to bring it to them, but feeling somewhat shy of presenting it, he placed it in the carriage, where he thought they would soon see it.

The old man, going to a window which overlooked the spot where they were seated, called to Fanny.

"Here, my dear young lady; an old man such as I am has but few things which you would care for, but I shall be greatly pleased if you will accept this little bird and its cage. Hang it up in your room where it can enjoy sunlight and air, and if you feed it and give it water regularly, it will sing sweetly to you in the morning and at all times of the day."



“Oh, thank you ! thank you ! what a dear, sweet, little bird ! There is nothing I shall like to have so much, and I hope mamma and granny will allow me to receive it.”

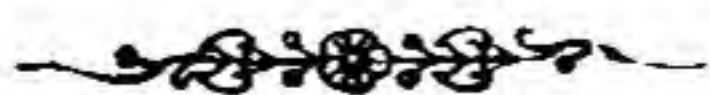
Fanny was so delighted with the gift, that she felt she could not find words enough to thank old Alec for it.

“The gift is a very poor one, but I shall be just as much pleased as you are, if you will receive it,” answered the old man, as he put the cage into Fanny’s hands.

The bird did not seem at all startled or afraid of her, but hopped about from perch to perch, and uttered a few gentle notes, as if it was much pleased at having her for its future mistress.

“But I have kept you waiting a long time outside,” said the old man. “You must come in for a few minutes to rest, before you begin your journey home ; and I have got some sweet milk and a fresh bannock—a better one than I had to offer you the other day. You will go back all the merrier for a little food.”

Fanny thought it would please the old man to accept his invitation, and perhaps too, she might be able to get him to tell her and Norman some of the adventures which the laird said he had gone through, so calling to Norman, and holding the cage in her hands, she went into the house.





## CHAPTER VII.

### THE SAILOR'S STORY.

**N**ORMAN having done nothing to tire himself, thought he should like best to play outside the cottage instead of going in to rest. He followed his sister, therefore, in a discontented mood.

Old Alec begged Fanny to sit down in his arm-chair near the table, on which he placed the bird-cage, so that she could see it, and watch its little occupant hopping about, while it now and then uttered its sweet song. He offered a stool to Norman, who sat down with his hat on looking very grumpy and somewhat angry. Old Alec, however, did not appear to remark this, but busied himself in pouring out some cups of milk, which he brought to Fanny and him, and then offered them the bannock of which he had spoken.

“You see that Robby and I are not all alone,” he observed, as he pointed round the room to the bird-cages. “I like to listen to their talk more than I do to what many of my fellow-creatures say. It always seems to me that birds are praising God, when I hear them singing, and that is more than many people do,



when they talk. But perhaps, young lady, you think it is cruel in me to keep them shut up, when they might be flying about in freedom amid the woods and over the moors; I think I should be cruel, if I took them after they had been accustomed to a free life, but every one of those birds has been brought up from a fledgling. I have never taken more than one or two from the same nest, and in truth have saved the lives of most of them which would otherwise have been killed by careless boys or cats or dogs, or shot by the farmers who think they rob them of their grain. Here they have air and sunlight and food and the company of their kind, and are safe from danger, and if I part with them, I know that they go into kind hands. But I must show you my oldest friend; I keep him in another room, as he is apt to talk too much, and my little songsters there don't understand him. I got him from foreign lands years ago, and he and I have never parted company."

"Oh, I should so like to see the bird," said Fanny. "Can we come and look at him?"

"I will bring him in here, young lady," answered old Alec, opening a door which led to an inner room.

He quickly returned with a bird on his wrist, and Fanny thought she had never seen one of more beautiful colours. Most of its plumage was of the richest scarlet, while the top of its head was of a deep purple. On its breast was a broad yellow collar; the wings were green, changing to violet towards the edges, and while the feathers on its thighs were of a lovely azure, those of



the tail were scarlet, banded with black and tipped with yellow. Its beak which by its shape showed that the bird was a species of parrot, was of a deep rich yellow.

“I got this from the coast of New Guinea,” said old Alec. “It is a very hot country, and I always keep my pet as warm as I can, for fear of its catching cold. I call it ‘Lory with the purple cap.’ Speak to the lady,” said old Alec, stroking the head of the beautiful bird which walked up and down his arm for a minute, and then stopping and looking at Fanny, greatly to her delight said very clearly, “Good morning, pretty one.”

The bird repeated the sentence two or three times, and then mounting to the top of its master's head cried out “Pipe all hands, hoist away boys, belay there!”. Then as if satisfied with its nautical performance, descended to old Alec's hand, and sang two or three tunes very distinctly.

“Lory can say a great deal more than you have heard, but he is not always in the humour to talk, though he is an obedient bird, and generally does what I tell him. Ah, Miss Fanny, I am very fond of my Lory, he is as good as he is beautiful, yet in the land from which he comes, there are birds still more beautiful than he is, with long tails which glitter in the sun like jewels, and crests on their heads which I doubt if the crown of our queen can beat, and when their wings are spread out and they are flying through the air or dancing on the tips of the trees, they look as if they could scarcely belong to this earth. They are called Birds of Paradise. To my mind the name is a



very proper one, though strange to say the people who live in the country where they are found, are as perfect savages as any in the world—black-skinned fellows with the hair of their heads frizzled out, and scarcely a rag of clothing on. I had once the misfortune to be wrecked on their shore, and it's a wonder to me that I got away with my life, for they generally kill all strangers who fall into their hands; yet savage as most of them are, they are not all alike.

“The ship I was on board, was sailing along the coast of New Guinea, when she was caught in one of the hurricanes which sometimes blow in those seas. Away she flew before the fierce winds, the waves hissing and leaping up on either side of her, and threatening to break on board and send her to the bottom. The captain did his best, and so did every man belonging to her, but after we had shortened sail, and sent down our loftier spars and secured the remaining ones, there was nothing more we could do. All we could hope for was that the hurricane would abate before we neared the shore.

“That night was indeed a terrible one, few of us ever expected to live through it.

“When daylight broke the shore was seen not a league off, with lofty mountains rising in the distance. Still the hurricane continued, the ship drove on, and no break could be discovered in the long line of wild surf which burst on the shore. As there were many coral reefs running along the whole coast, we expected every moment that the ship would strike, and we knew that



the fierce waves which would dash against her would soon knock her to pieces.

“A boat could scarcely live in such a sea, still less get through the foaming surf. Most of the men however, had put on their best clothes and filled their pockets with whatever they most valued, hoping somehow or other to get safe to land. I thought to myself, it matters little what I have on, and I would not weight my pockets with what would send me to the bottom, so I continued in my trousers and shirt and jacket, intending to throw off the last should I have to swim for my life.

“The awful moment we were expecting came, and the ship with a tremendous crash, was sent right against a reef of coral rocks, which in an instant forced their way through her planking, and let the water rush in like a mill-stream. At the same moment down came all the three masts, while the sea swept over her, carrying away several of our poor fellows. We could do nothing to help them, for we could not help ourselves. Most of our boats were crushed by the falling masts. The captain ordered the only uninjured one to be lowered, I with a few others did our best to obey him, though there seemed no chance that a boat could live a minute in such a sea—it was, however, better to trust to her than stay on board the ship, against which the waves were dashing so furiously, that we expected her every moment to go to pieces, when we should all be cast into the foaming waters, with the pieces of wreck dashing around us, and coming down upon our heads.



“Another man and I were ordered into the boat to unhook the falls, as the tackle is called by which the boat is lowered. Just as we had got into her a tremendous sea came roaring up, and striking the ship, broke over her and the boat, and very nearly washed us out. A loud noise was heard of the crashing and rending of the timbers and planks, above which rose the cry of our shipmates. Three or four leaped into the boat after us, and we got her clear of the ship, which seemed suddenly to melt away. We had got our oars out, and now pulled away for our lives—how the boat escaped, and how she kept afloat in that tremendous sea seemed a wonder then as it does now. We had four oars, and the first mate, who was saved, took the helm. To return to the wreck to try and save any of our drowning shipmates was impossible, and it seemed equally impossible that we should reach the shore through the boiling surf we saw before us. Closer and closer we were borne to it—when just as we had given up all hope of saving our lives, the mate declared that he had discovered an opening through which we might pass. He steered towards it, the surf rose like a wall on either side, but there was a narrow passage where the water was smoother. We pulled with all our might, and in a few minutes found ourselves in the mouth of a river. After rowing a short distance, we were in perfectly smooth water. The river which widened out greatly was bordered on either side by curious-looking trees, which seemed to have branches growing downwards as well as upwards, with



the stem between them. These are what are called Mangrove trees.

“On we rowed, but could find no place where we could land. At last we came to the mouth of a smaller river which ran into the larger one. After going some way, we saw an open space on the shore covered with what looked in the distance like a number of bee-hives standing on posts several feet above the ground. On getting nearer, we discovered that they were houses, and that a number of ugly black-looking fellows were moving about among them. As they saw us they gathered on the bank, flourishing their bows and spears, showing, as we feared, that they would very likely kill us if they got us into their power. Some of our people proposed pulling back, but where were we to go to? We were faint from hunger and thirst, we had not seen a spot where we could land to obtain food, and we had the raging sea barring the mouth of the river. We were caught in a trap, we had no arms to defend ourselves with, and our only chance, therefore, was to make friends with the savages.

“‘Come lads,’ said the mate, ‘we will try what we can do—they may not be as bad as they look.’

“He stood up in the boat, and spread out his hands wide to show that we had no arms, then he stretched out one hand as if to shake those of the black people, then he took off his hat, and waved it and bowed to them, indeed he did everything he could think of, to show them that we wanted to be friendly.

“While he was doing this, I and another man, feeling



our tongues parched with thirst, could not help leaning over the side of the boat to take up some water in our hands, for even though we supposed that it was salt, it would at all events moisten our lips. It was less salt than we expected, and soon all of us, as well as the mate, was lapping away at the water, while, to cool our heads, we threw some of it over them. What was our surprise, while we were so employed, to see the natives stoop down and sprinkle their own heads with water, in the same fashion. Having done this, they placed their bows and spears on the ground, and beckoned us by signs which we could not mistake to approach.

“‘We must chance it, lads,’ said the mate, ‘it is better to be killed outright by the blacks, than die by inches from hunger and thirst. I am ready to step on shore first, and you may shove off, and wait till you see what becomes of me.’

“‘I will go with you, sir,’ I exclaimed, ‘and share whatever fate befalls you.’

“All, on this, agreed to do the same.

“Giving way again, we were soon close up to where the savages stood. We all jumped out except one man, who remained to take care of the boat, and stepped boldly in among the blacks, putting out our hands to show that we wished to be friends. They seemed to understand what we meant, and several of their chief men shook our hands in return; when we made signs that we were hungry and thirsty, four or five of them ran off, and quickly returned with some water in calabashes, and some baskets with cooked meat and yams.



The people seemed to live in plenty, for we saw a number of funny little pigs running about, and two or three girls carrying them in their arms and talking to them, and carressing them, just as an English girl does her doll. We were too hungry, however, just then to think of that, or anything else, and sitting down on the grass, fell to on the provisions the blacks had brought us. The food soon restored our spirits, and we began to hope that things would not be as bad as we expected. Still, we could not help thinking of our poor shipmates who had remained on the wreck, and whom we felt sure must all have been drowned. The people too, seemed not so ill-looking, and much more good-natured, than we had at first thought.

“Their hair was frizzled out, and they had earrings and necklaces, but very little clothing, except a petticoat of long grass or leaves round the waist. They were not black either, but rather a dark chocolate colour, with broad long noses, with the tips hooking down almost over the upper lip.

“Their houses are curious. First they were built on posts, on the top of which the flooring was placed. On each post below the flooring was a large flat disc, this was to prevent the snakes and rats from getting into the houses. Above the flooring, after the poles had risen some distance, they were bent over and covered thickly with grass or cocoanut leaves. Some were small, and others as much as twenty feet long and twelve feet wide. They had no doors, but were entered by a trap through the flooring.



“As there are numerous snakes in the country, the steps or ladder by which the trap is reached does not go up to it, but only rises from the ground for a sufficient height to enable a person to lift himself in by his elbows. The upper part of this curious ladder consists merely of a pole resting on two forked sticks, and a plank with one end leaning on it and the other on the ground. When a person wants to get into his house he runs up the plank, and is then high enough to reach the entrance of the trap.

“I told you how we happened to throw water on our heads, and then saw the natives doing the same. This we afterwards found was the very sign they use to show that they wish to be on good terms; and so it happened, that without knowing it we did the right thing, and at once gained their friendship.

“They treated us very kindly, and though they had no notion of working for us, they showed us how to build a house for ourselves after their fashion.

“We hauled up our boat and thatched her over, to keep her from the sun, for we, of course, hoped to escape in her when we had collected enough provisions for a voyage. The natives, however, had no intention of letting us go, for they believed that we benefited them by living among them. Though they did not treat us as slaves, they made us, as I have said, work for our livelihood. It was not hard work, but the sun was very hot, and we, all of us, often felt ill, and unable to do anything, but lie down in the shade in our houses.

“First one of my companions died, and then another,



and another, till the mate and I alone remained. We buried the poor fellows, and felt very sad when we put the last into the ground. We could not help thinking that one of us would go next, but which it would be, we could not tell. I daresay the mate looked at my sallow face and thought I should die first, and as I looked at his, I fancied he had not many weeks to live.

“We had got ground under cultivation, and as we had now only two to eat its produce, and the natives had given us some pigs, we had plenty of provisions. If we had had salt, we should have killed some of our pigs and salted them down, but though we were near salt water, there were no rocks, or any flat place where we could manufacture salt.

“Day after day we talked about getting away, and indeed, it was the only subject we could talk of. We had no sail in the boat, so the first thing we had to do was to make one. The natives, like most of the people in those parts, manufactured fine mats; these would answer for what we wanted, but the difficulty was to get them. We could now make ourselves understood, so under the pretence that we wanted them for bedding, we obtained several in exchange for most of our pigs, and yams, and other produce of our garden.

“We tried drying some of the pigs’ flesh in the sun, but that did not answer, we next tried smoking it, but it was very dry, and tasted strongly of the smoke; still, we hoped that it would last us till we could get to one of the Dutch settlements. The mate warned me that even should we get away, we should have many



dangers to encounter, from tempests, and from pirates, which cruise with large fleets in those seas, and from having no chart or compass, with which to find our way.

“As we had much idle time, I amused myself by collecting birds, of which there are a great number in the country ; birds of paradise, and parrots of many colours, and among them a big black parrot, a magnificent fellow, and others, even more beautiful than my pet, Lory, which I got at that time. Our house was like an aviary, and the mate, though he did not know how to tame them himself, liked to see me do so.

“At last we found our friends were setting out to make war on another tribe. They wanted us to go with them, but we told them we were too ill to march, and so we were, and I do not think we could have walked half-a-mile.

“They were all very busy in preparing their bows and arrows and spears and clubs, and allowed us to do as we liked. We took the opportunity of examining our boat, and patching her up. As we knew she would leak, we brought water from the river and dashed it over her as often as we could, and then we smoothed the way down the bank, so that we might launch her, for though when all the crew were alive we had strength to haul her up, we should never otherwise by ourselves have got her into the water. We also killed another pig, and smoked the flesh, and collected a quantity of yams and other roots and fruits in our house.

“Our friends at last set out to fight their enemies,



leaving only very old men and some of the women and children behind.

“We had sewn our mats together to form a sail, and the mate cut a long spar for a mast.

“The night was fine, and we hoped that we should get out of the river without danger from the breakers. We waited till everybody in the village was asleep, and then stole down to the boat, carrying our sail and spar and provisions. We had to make several trips, but at last we had collected everything, and as silently as we could we got the boat into the water. The last time I brought down my Lory and three other birds. I was afraid, however, that they would scream out, but still I could not bring myself to leave them all behind.

“We shoved off, and managed to drop slowly down the stream without making any noise. As soon as we got out of hearing of the village we began to row faster, though we had but little strength to use our oars. Our great wish was to be out of the river, and at a distance from the shore before daylight, lest any of the natives in their canoes might fall in with us. We rowed as hard as we could, till our oars were nearly dropping from our hands. After a long pull we got near the mouth of the river—the land breeze was blowing out of it. We hoisted our mat sail, and now glided on more rapidly than before. I do not think we could have rowed another ten minutes. The surf was breaking on the shore, but we passed safely through the passage.

“How thankful we felt when we found ourselves at last in the open sea. A line of white foam showed us



where the reef was on which our ship had struck, but not a vestige of her remained.

“The mate judged it best to steer to the southward, but we had no chart and no compass, and had to trust to the sun by day and the stars by night. The mate knew them well, but I began to fear that he would not be long with me, for the exertions he had made had been too much for him. By the time morning had dawned he was unable to sit up. As long as he could he steered the boat, while I baled, for, notwithstanding the care we had taken, she still leaked very much. I looked anxiously at my companion every time I lifted up my head, still he kept his eye on the rising sun, which in a deep red glow appeared above the horizon. Then he gazed up at the sail, and then ahead. Gradually his hand let go of the tiller, his head fell down on his chest. I sprang aft, when, to my grief and dismay, I found that the poor fellow was dead.

“I had now not only to steer the boat, but to bale her. How could I hope by myself to reach any friendly shore? I began to be sorry that we had left the native village, the people were at all events kind to us, and some day or other traders might have come to the place and taken us off. It was too late now, though, to think of this. I could not have gone back even if I had wished it, for the wind was against me, and I had not strength to use the oars. I looked at the poor mate, and tried to pour some water down his throat, but it was of no use, he was really dead. For some time I had not the heart to throw him overboard, but



I knew that it must be done, and at last I managed to accomplish the sad act.

“I was now all alone in the boat. As the sun rose the wind fell, and it became perfectly calm. As the sail was of no use, I lowered it. Still I had to bail, for the water continued to leak through the seams. The hot sun came down on my head and nearly roasted me. Fortunately I had manufactured a straw hat, with a thick top, this very one you see me wear, it assisted to save my head, and I value it as a friend which has done me service.

“Well, I must cut my yarn short. Day after day I sailed on. When it was calm I hauled down my sail and went to sleep, for the leaks in the boat lessened by degrees, and at last I was saved the trouble of baling. I began, however, to think that I should never get to land. The meat we had brought turned so bad that I could not eat it, the roots and fruits lasted me better, and assisted to feed the birds, but they were also coming to an end. Without them I knew that I could not preserve my birds, so very unwillingly, I killed my big black parrot. I had no means of lighting a fire, so I had to eat the bird raw; but a hungry man is not particular.

“I should have said that we had stowed our water in a number of gourds, but I had already emptied most of them, and I dreaded the time when my stock would come to an end, for I knew that without it, I could not live many days. Under the burning sun of that region, water is the chief necessary of life, my birds



too, required as much as I did. I anxiously looked out for land. I made but slow progress, for the weather was unusually calm, and sometimes the wind was contrary. Thus, I could not tell how long it might be before I could reach a friendly harbour. I had to kill another and another of my birds, till at last only my pretty Lory remained. He was so tame that he would come and sit on my shoulder while I was steering, and put his beak into my mouth, and talk to me. He was my only companion you see, and I fancied he could understand what I said, and I was sure he was very fond of me. I would rather have done anything than kill him, still I was getting very faint and weak, and I could scarcely crawl from the stern to the mast to lower the sail when I wanted to get to sleep. At last I had but a pint of water remaining and only a yam or two. I steered on as long as I could, when I felt my head bending down to my breast. I knew that I could not keep awake many minutes longer, so I lowered my sail and lay down to go to sleep. I felt that it was very likely I should never wake again, or if I did that it would be only to lie down and die. Evening was coming on, I suffered generally less at night than in the day-time, because it was cooler. I slept on and on; I was completely exhausted. At length, I was awoke by Lory putting his beak into my mouth; I opened my eyes. The sun had already risen, and a fresh breeze was blowing. I dragged myself to the mast, and hoisted the sail, and then made my way to my seat aft. I had scarcely got there,



when I saw nearly ahead, a large vessel crossing my course. I eagerly steered towards her; I hoped and prayed that I might be seen by those on board, and my heart beat with anxiety lest I should not be observed. Every moment I drew nearer and nearer, but still I knew that when she got the breeze, she would rapidly sail away from me. In my eagerness, I tried to shout, but my voice sounded weak and hollow. My heart bounded with joy, when I saw the ship's course brailed up, and she hove to, showing that I was seen. I was soon alongside, but I was too weak to do more than just lower my sail, and sink into the bottom of the boat, just as a couple of seamen from the stranger jumped into her. I was scarcely conscious of what else happened. When I came to myself, I found Lory perched on my hammock looking at me, and I was told that I was on board the *Ringdove*, and that after she had touched at a few of the East India Islands, she was homeward bound. I was treated very kindly till I got well, and then as I had no wish to be idle, I told the captain I was ready to work with the crew.

“We had several passengers on board, and one of them who was a naturalist, and had been out to these regions to collect birds and creatures of all sorts, offered to buy Lory, but though he was ready to give a large sum, I would not part with my friend. Lory came safely home with me, for I took great care of him, and when we got into northern latitudes, I kept him always out of the cold and damp.

“So, Miss Fanny, you have the history of my pet.”



“Oh, how I wish you had been able to bring the other birds home,” said Fanny. “I should so like to have seen them.”

“Well, Miss, I tell you it went against my heart to kill them, but when a man is suffering from hunger, his nature seems changed, but I often used to think afterwards, how I could have killed the pretty creatures.”

“I am very much obliged to you, for the account you have given me, and I should like another day to hear as many more of your adventures as you can tell me, for I daresay that is not the only one you have met with.”

“No, indeed, Miss Fanny, I could tell you many more, and will try and recollect them for you when next you come.”

Norman had been almost as much interested as his sister in the old sailor's story, wondering in what part of the world the adventures took place, for although, as he boasted, he had come all the way from India, he had a very slight knowledge of geography.

Robby had all the time been outside playing with the little carriage, and thinking how nice it would be if he could have one like it to drag to market with his grandfather, and bring back the things they bought.

Just as old Alec had finished his story, a stranger arrived. He was a drover, who went round the country to purchase the cottagers' cattle, picking up here one and there one, or taking a hundred at a time from the more wealthy proprietors.

“I am somewhat in a hurry,” he said, “but if you



have any beasts to dispose of, I daresay that I shall be able to offer you a price you will be ready to take."

As old Alec could not detain the drover, he begged Fanny and her brother to wait till his return that he might accompany them part of the way home.

While he and the drover went out to look at the cattle, Fanny took up her bird with its cage, and thought how much it would like to enjoy the fresh air and sunlight.

"I am not going to stay here any longer," said Norman, and he ran out to join little Robby in playing with the carriage.

Fanny followed with the bird-cage, and seeing the two boys amusing themselves, went on talking to the bird, which as she thought whistled to her in return.

"What are you doing with my cart?" exclaimed Norman, turning to Robby.

He was not in a good humour, he considered that old Alec ought to have given a bird to him as well as to Fanny, and was inclined to vent his ill-feeling on poor little Robby. Robby, who did not understand that he was angry, without replying, taking out the two apples which he had put back into the carriage, held them up to Norman wishing to offer them to him.

"Where did you get those from?" exclaimed Norman.

"I thought you would like to have them, young master," said Robby, "I brought them back for you."

Norman instead of saying that he was much obliged, not wishing at the moment to eat any fruit and feeling very angry, knocked them out of the little boy's hands.



Robby was too much astonished even to offer to pick them up as they lay on the ground.

"I am tired of waiting for that old man," said Norman, taking the pole of the carriage ; " Fanny come along."

Fanny was too much occupied with her bird to hear him, and Norman began to drag off the carriage.

Robby thinking that he had no business to run off with it, on the impulse of the moment seized the hinder part of it, and attempted to stop him.

"Please don't go away, young master, till grandfather comes back," he said ; " he wants to go with you. Miss Fanny, O Miss Fanny, won't you tell your brother to stop?"

"Let go the carriage," cried Norman, now more angry than ever, especially at finding that though Robby was so little, his sturdy arms and legs were able to prevent him from drawing on the carriage. "If you do not let go, I will give you such a box on the ears, as you never before have had in your life."

Little Robby, who had a spirit of his own, was not to be daunted by the threats of Master Norman.

Fanny had by this time got to some distance, or she would have heard what her brother was saying and have interfered.

Norman again cried out and threatened Robby, but still the little fellow held on tightly, while he pulled back. Norman tugged and tugged in vain to get on. At last he stopped pulling, and threatened to beat Robby well if he would not let go. Robby looked up at him, and shook his head. Norman at that moment turning round gave a sudden tug at the pole, and



started off at full speed. The jerk had the effect of making poor little Robby lose his hold, and back he fell with his legs in the air, and his hands stretched out, while Norman scampered on, turning his head round to laugh at him maliciously.

"I told you you had better not!" he shouted. "Now you have got your desert, you will not attempt to play tricks with me again, you young monkey! ah! ah! ah!" and he laughed and jeered at poor little Robby.

"Come along, Fanny," he cried out, "I am not going to stop longer for the old man."

Fanny though she heard his voice did not understand what he said, and still thought that he and Robby were playing amicably together. She went on talking to her bird which at that moment was to her of more importance than anything else.

Norman, not looking to see whether she was coming, scampered off, dragging the carriage behind him, and believing that he knew the way as well as she did.

Robby soon got up, and felt more vexed at the way he had been treated by the young master, than hurt by his tumble. Fanny had gone round into the garden, where she sat down on a bench in the shade, and placed her bird by her side, quite unaware of what had happened. The bird, which was unusually tame, seemed from the first to understand that she was to be its future mistress. It came at once to the bars of the cage, and put out its beak to receive the seed with which old Alec had provided her, that she might feed it. She would have liked to have taken it out of its



cage that it might perch on her fingers, but she thought that would not be wise, in case it might take it into its head to fly off for an excursion, and perhaps not be willing to return to captivity.

“I wonder what name I shall give you,” she said, talking to the bird. “Old Alec did not tell me if you have got one. Shall I call you Dickey, Flapsey, or Pecksy? I must have a name for you. Perhaps granny will help me to find one. What name would you like to be called by, pretty bird? I wonder what are the names of birds; I know that parrots are called Poll and Pretty Poll, and jackdaws and magpies Jack and Mag, but such names would not do for you. I want something that sounds soft and pretty just like yourself.” Thus she ran on, and the time went by till at last old Alec returned to the cottage, and not finding her there, came into the garden to look for her.

“Why, Miss Fanny, what has become of your little brother?” he inquired.

“Is not he playing with Robby on the other side of the house?” asked Fanny, somewhat astonished.

“I can neither see him nor Robby,” answered old Alec. He shouted out “Robby! Robby!” but received no answer.

“It seems very strange,” said Fanny; “I heard them playing happily together not long ago.”

At last old Alec went round the house and again shouted. A faint cry came from a distance, and he saw Robby running towards him.



“What is the matter?” asked old Alec, as soon as Robby got up to him.

“The young master went off with the carriage, and I ran after him to call him back, and instead of going towards home, he has taken the way to the peat bog. I called to him to stop, but he only went faster, and so I came back to get you, grandfather, to follow him, for if he once tumbled in I could not help him out again.”

“You are a wise boy, Robby,” answered his grandfather. “Miss Fanny, if you will stay here I will go and look after the young gentleman, for if he tumbles into the bog he will not get out again without help. There is no danger, only we must not lose time.”

Saying this, old Alec hurried off in the direction from which Robby had appeared.

Fanny for a moment forgot all about her bird which she had put down in its cage on the window-sill, and ran after old Alec. He strode on at a rapid rate, so that she had a difficulty in overtaking him. After some time she heard him shouting,

“Stop, boy, stop!” and saw him waving with his hand.

Again he went on even more eagerly than before.

Fanny, who had just then reached a rise in the ground, caught sight of Norman, some way off in the hollow below her, floundering about and holding on to the cart, towards which Alec, yet at a little distance, was making his way. The old man had to do so cautiously, for as the ground was very soft, he sank at each step he made above his ankles; but Norman, being



much lighter, had passed over places which would not bear his weight.

As she got near she heard Norman crying lustily for help, and she began to fear that before old Alec could reach him, he might sink below the soft yielding earth. Just then she heard a shout behind her, and, looking round, she observed little Robby approaching with a long thin pole on his shoulder. He was quickly up with her.

“Don’t go farther, Miss,” he said, “you will be sticking in the bog, too, if you do; we will soon get out the young master.”

Robby quickly joined his grandfather, and by placing the long pole on the top of the bog, Robby was able to make his way over the peat with a rope.

“Here, young master!” he exclaimed, “catch hold of the pole and crawl along it as I do, and you will soon be out of the bog.”

Norman, though at first too much frightened to do anything but shout and struggle, at last comprehended what Robby said, and following his advice, crawled along the pole. He soon got on firmer ground.

Robby then went back and fastened the rope to the carriage, which old Alec was thus able without much difficulty to drag out of the bog.

Fanny soon recovered from her alarm.

“What made you run there?” she asked, as Norman, wet and muddy, came up to her, looking very foolish and very angry too.

“It was all your fault,” he answered; “I wanted to go home, and I told you that I did not want to wait



for the old man, or to play any more with the stupid little boy, and if you had come when I called you, I should not have got into this mess."

"If it had not been for the old man and the little boy you would have been suffocated in the bog," answered Fanny; "you ought to be very grateful to them for saving you, and see what trouble they are taking to get the carriage out."

"I won't be lectured by you," answered Norman, "and I will go home as soon as I can get the carriage. The old man will be scolding me if I stop here, because I upset his little grandson, and I do not choose to submit to that."

"Nonsense, you foolish boy," answered Fanny, "if you remain in your wet clothes you will catch cold, and mamma and granny will be much more angry with you than old Alec is likely to be."

"I daresay they will if you go and tell them that I ran away from you, and you always take pleasure in getting me into scrapes."

"O Norman, how can you say that?" exclaimed Fanny, "you know I am always anxious to prevent you from being punished. Here come old Alec and Robby with the carriage. I hope that you will thank them for pulling you out of the bog, and that you will go in (should old Alec ask you) to get your clothes dried before we set off. I am very thankful you have escaped, but I am afraid we shall not be allowed to come again by ourselves over the moor to visit the cottage. The first time I tumbled down and wetted my clothes, and now you are in a worse plight, for



your clothes are all muddy and spoilt, and you might have lost your life if old Alec had not come to help you."

This Norman would not acknowledge, but declared that he could have got out very well by himself. Notwithstanding what Fanny had said, he still insisted on returning home at once.

"Oh no, you must come back and have your clothes dried, as Mr. Morrison wishes you," she said.

"As you, Miss Fanny, think that your brother ought to go back, there is a very easy way of settling the matter," said Alec; and before Norman knew what was going to happen, the old man tucked him under his arm and carried him along as a farmer sometimes carries a refractory pig, while Robby followed with the carriage. In vain Norman shrugged and grumbled, and squeaked out.

Alec soon had him seated on the bench before his kitchen fire, which he made blaze merrily up. He then quickly took off his clothes, and wrapped him up in a clean shirt, and his Sunday coat.

"The clothes won't take long drying, young gentleman, and you must have patience till they are dry," he observed; "the shoes, however, will be somewhat tight, even if they are at all fit to be put on again, but that won't matter, as you can sit in the carriage while I drag you."

Norman now sat quietly, for he hoped that if his clothes were clean, no one at home would hear of his misconduct.

"You will not go and tell them that I ran away, will



you Fanny?" he asked, looking round at her as she sat near the table with her bird.

"I cannot make any promise," she answered; "I am, however, very sure that you ought to tell them how Mr. Morrison and little Robby pulled you out of the bog."

"I would not wish the young gentleman to say anything to get himself into trouble, but at the same time, I would wish him to speak the truth, whatever happens," observed old Alec.

Norman did not reply to her, but muttered to himself, "she cares more for her bird than she does for me, but I will take care she has not much pleasure from it."

Fanny did not overhear this, and had no idea that her new little friend was in danger from the jealousy of her brother.

As it was already late, as soon as Norman's clothes were dried old Alec put them on him again, with Fanny's assistance, and little Robby having in the meantime washed the carriage, they were ready to start. Robby, as before, had to take care of the house while old Alec insisted on accompanying his young visitors.

"You know, Miss Fanny, you must carry the bird, and we shall be able to get over the ground faster if I drag the carriage."

Fanny was very glad to agree to this arrangement, for as Norman was in a bad humour she could not tell how he might behave to her, but she knew that he would be quiet if old Alec was with her. They



accordingly set off, Robby giving them a parting cheer. They went on pretty fast, Norman having to hold himself into the carriage as it bumped and thumped over the rough ground.

As Fanny had to carry the bird-cage, Alec went the whole way to the yard at the back of Glen Tulloch. Norman scarcely thanking him, jumped out, and ran into the house.

“Oh! do stop, Mr. Morrison, till my mamma, and granny, and Mrs. Maclean can see you,” said Fanny, “they will wish to thank you, as I do, and as Norman was much frightened, I hope that they will not think it necessary to punish him.”

“But I did nothing worth speaking of,” answered old Alec, “and so just give my respects to the ladies, and tell them that I would have been happy to have had a talk with them if they had wished, but I must go back to look after my little boy, for I never like to be away from him longer than I can help. Bless you, young lady! it does my heart good to see you, so pray come and pay me a visit whenever you can.”


The old man hurried away, and Fanny ran in to show her bird, hoping that no questions would be asked her about Norman's behaviour till she had persuaded him, as she wished to do, to tell his own story, so that old Alec and Robby might be properly thanked for the service they had rendered him.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE PET BIRD.

“ MAMMA ! granny ! Mrs. Maclean ! see what a beautiful bird old Alec has given me !” exclaimed Fanny, as she ran into the drawing-room, and went round exhibiting the little prisoner, first to one and then to the other. “He has been so kind too, he showed us all his other birds, and gave us such an interesting account of the way he got one of them, but I would rather have this one than all the others.”

The bird was duly admired.

“Where is Norman ?” asked Mrs. Vallery.

“He ran into the house before me, I suppose he will soon be here.”

Norman, however, did not come immediately, and at last Mrs. Vallery went to look for him. She found him in his room rubbing away at his clothes.

“What has happened ?” she asked ; “why did you not come into the drawing-room at once ?”

“I tumbled down in the mud and dirtied my clothes, so I wanted to clean them,” answered Norman, and he said no more.



“That was awkward of you, but as they appear dry, you might have come in to see us all as soon as you returned,” observed Mrs. Vallery; “how did you manage to tumble down?”

“That stupid little brat Robby ran after me, and Fanny would not come home. I can take very good care of myself, and so I don’t want her to go out with me any more.”

“I am afraid, Norman, you were not behaving well. I must learn from Fanny what occurred,” said Mrs. Vallery. “I will assist you to change your clothes; these are certainly not fit to appear in at dinner.”

Norman was very taciturn while his mamma was dressing him. As soon as she had done so she led him downstairs.

To his grandmother’s questions he made no reply, and she consequently guessed that something had gone wrong. When Fanny who had gone upstairs to dress, returned, Mrs. Vallery inquired how Norman had managed to tumble into the mud.

“I wish to have the whole account from you, Fanny, for his is not very clear,” she observed. “He says that little Robby ran after him.”

“Oh, how can you say that?” exclaimed Fanny indignantly. “If it had not been for little Robby you know perfectly well that you might have lost your life;” and then without hesitation she gave the exact account of what had occurred.

“I am deeply grieved to find that instead of expressing your gratitude to the little fellow, you should



have wished to throw blame upon him," said Mrs. Leslie, looking very grave as she spoke; "you were wrong in running away without your sister, but that fault might easily have been overlooked. I feel ashamed of acknowledging you as my grandson in the presence of my old friend here, and I grieve that they should find you capable of acting so base a part."

Norman could say nothing in his defence. He did not like being scolded by his grandmamma as he called it, but still he did not see his behaviour in its proper light, and instead of being sorry, he felt only vexed and angry and more than ever disposed to vent his ill-feeling on Fanny.

His poor mamma was very unhappy, but she did not know what to say to him more than what his grandmamma had already said.

"I will talk to him in his room by-and-by, and point out to him the sin he has committed," she observed to Mrs. Leslie.

The laird soon after came in, and the party went to dinner. He saw that something was wrong, but refrained from asking questions.

Norman ate his dinner in silence, and no one felt disposed to speak to him. He did not like this, and it made him feel more and more angry with Fanny.

"Why should she say all that about me! why could not she let my story be believed! It could not have done that little brat any harm, if they had thought I tumbled down because he ran after me. He did, he did run after me, for I saw him. But I am determined that Fanny shall not tell tales about me; I will punish her in a way



she does not think of. She will grow very fond of that stupid little bird, but I will take care that she does not keep it very long. Perhaps some day the door of the cage will be open, and it will fly away. Ah ! ah ! Miss Fanny, I am not going to let you tell tales of me."

Such were the thoughts which passed through the mind of the little boy. He had never been taught to restrain his evil feelings, and to seek for help from God's Holy Spirit to put them away immediately they came to him. Instead of doing that, he allowed them to remain and to grow and grow, and a bad thought, however small it may appear at first, must always grow till it becomes so great, that it makes a slave of the person who allows it to spring up within him.

Poor Fanny had no idea of the harm which her brother was meditating against her and her bird, nor indeed had any one else at table. After dinner, the whole party went into the grounds. The kind-hearted laird was sorry to see Norman looking so dull.

"He is a manly little fellow, and ought to have boy companions. I will do what I can to amuse him," he thought. "Come along, Norman, with me, and we will try to find something to do." The laird kindly took him by the hand, and led him along.

"When I am old enough, papa promises to give me a gun, that I may go out and shoot tigers," said Norman. "Have you got any tigers here?"

"No, I am glad to say we have not. We should find them very troublesome, as they would commit great havoc among our sheep and cattle, and perhaps



carry off the little boys and girls on their way to school as well as grown-up people."

"We have plenty of tigers in India, and I think it a much finer country than England on that account," remarked Norman in a contemptuous tone.

Mr. Maclean laughed and replied,—

"There were once wolves in the wilder parts of the country, but they have long since been killed, because they did so much mischief. The only large animals which now remain in a wild state, are deer, and they belong to the proprietors of the land, so that those alone to whom they give permission may shoot them."

"But have you not got some deer?" asked Norman, "I should so like to see you shoot one."

"My days for deer-stalking are over," answered the laird. "There are a few on my estate, but I do not allow them to be shot. They are beautiful creatures, and I like to see them bounding across the hills and moors, and enjoying the existence God has given them."

"I should like to shoot one though," said Norman, giving his head a shake in an independent way. "Won't you lend me your gun."

"A gun would tumble you over oftener than you could bring down a deer, laddie," answered the laird, laughing heartily. "As you are so determined to be a sportsman you shall come with me on the loch this evening, and we will try and catch some fish, only you must promise me not to fall overboard again."

"I will take good care not to do that; I did not like it the last time," said Norman.



“I suspect that what the boy wants is careful training to turn out better than he promises to do at present,” thought the laird. “He has been allowed to do what he chooses, and has not been shown by the argument of the rod, as Solomon advises, when he has chosen to do wrong. I wish his father would let me take him in hand for a few months, I think something might be made of him.”

“Come along, laddie,” said the honest laird aloud, “we will get my fishing-tackle, but we will not carry a big basket this time. I will show you how to string up your fish to carry them home without one.”

The laird was quickly equipped, for his fishing-tackle was always kept in readiness for use, and Norman being allowed the honour of carrying his landing-net, they took their way down to the loch. The laird told Norman to jump into the boat, and lifting the grapnel which held her to the bank, he stepped in after him, then taking the oars he pulled away up the loch.

“What! can you row?” exclaimed Norman. “I thought only sailors and boatmen could do that.”

“You have a good many things to learn, laddie. I could pull an oar when I was no bigger than you are. It is what every English boy ought to be able to do, and I will teach you if you try to behave yourself properly.”

“I should like to learn; can you teach me now?” asked Norman.

“I cannot teach you and fish at the same time,” said the laird. “Besides these oars are too heavy for you, but I will get a small one made that you can handle. Remember, however, that I make the promise



only on condition that you are a good boy, and try to please not only me but everybody else."

"I will try," said Norman, but still he did not forget his evil intentions against Fanny and her bird.

People often promise that they will be good, but they must have an honest desire to be so, and must seek for help from whence alone they can obtain it, in order to enable them to keep their promise. Norman had never even tried to be good, but had always followed his own inclinations, regardless of the pain or annoyance he inflicted on even those who were most kind to him. He could appear very amiable when he was pleased, and had everything his own way, but that is not sufficient. A person should be amiable when opposed, and even when hardly treated should return good for evil.

He sat in the boat talking away very pleasantly to Mr. Maclean, who began to think that he was a much nicer boy than he had supposed, and felt very glad that he had brought him out with him that evening.

The laird rowed on for some distance, till he came to the spot where he proposed fishing. He then put his rod together, and told Norman to watch what he did, that he might imitate him as soon as he had a rod of his own.

"I must get a nice light one which you can handle properly," observed the laird kindly.

"Oh, but I think I could hold yours, it does not seem very heavy," said Norman.

"You might hold it upright, but you could not move it about as I do, and certainly you could not throw a fly with it," answered Mr. Maclean. "However, I



like to see a boy try to do a thing. It is only by trying that a person can succeed. But trying alone will not do, a person must learn his alphabet before he can read; unless he did so, he might try very hard to read, and would not succeed. In the same way you must learn the a, b, c of every handicraft, and art, and branch of knowledge, before you can hope to understand or accomplish the work. The a, b, c of fly-fishing is to handle your rod and line, and I must see you do that well, before I let you use a hook, with which you would otherwise only injure yourself or any one else in the boat."

"But I should feel so foolish throwing a line backwards and forwards over the water," answered Norman, "I should not like that."

"You would be much more foolish throwing it backwards and forwards and not catching anything," remarked the laird. "Will you follow my advice or not? I want your answer."

"I will do as you wish me," said Norman, after some hesitation.

"Then I will teach you how to become a fly-fisher, and perhaps another year when you pay me a visit, you will be able to catch as many fish as I am likely to do this evening."

The good laird had now got his tackle in order, and applied himself to the sport, telling Norman to sit quiet in the stern. Norman watched him eagerly.

"I cannot see what difficulty there is," he said to himself. "I think in ten minutes or so I should be able to



make the fly leap about over the water just as well as he does. Ah ! he has caught a fish, I should like to do that ! I must try as soon as he will let me have a rod.

The laird quickly lifted the trout into the boat, and in half-an-hour caught five or six more.

It was now growing dusk, and observing that the fish would no longer rise, he wound up his line, and again took to his oars. They soon reached the shore. Norman begged that he might be allowed to carry the fish, which the laird had strung through the gills with a piece of osier which he cut from the bank.

Norman felt very proud as he walked away with the fish, persuading himself that he had had some part in catching them. They were, however, rather heavy, and before he reached the house his arms began to ache. He felt ashamed of acknowledging this, but continued changing them from hand to hand. The laird observed him, and with a smile, asked if he should take them. Norman was very glad to accept his offer.

“You will find playing a fly much harder work than carrying the fish you catch with it, young gentleman,” he remarked.

Before entering the house, Norman begged that he might have the fish again, to show them to the ladies in the drawing-room. He rushed in eagerly holding them up.

“See mamma ! see Mrs. Maclean ! see granny ! what fine fish the laird and I have caught,” he exclaimed.

“I congratulate you, my dear,” said his grandmamma, “which of them did you catch ?”



“Oh, the laird hooked them, and I sat in the boat, and brought them some of the way up to the house!” answered Norman.

Fanny burst into a merry laugh.

“You are always grinning at me,” exclaimed Norman, turning round and going out of the room.

Again his evil feelings were aroused.

“I won’t be laughed at by a girl,” he said to himself, as he made his way towards the kitchen to deliver the fish to the cook. “I will pay her off, and she will be sorry that she jeered at me.”

“Well, young gentleman. These are fine fish,” said the cook, “did you catch them all?”

“No I didn’t,” answered Norman turning away, for he was afraid the cook would laugh at him, as Fanny had done, if he boasted of having caught them.

“Fanny, you should not laugh at Norman,” observed Mrs. Vallery, “he cannot endure that sort of thing, as he has not been accustomed to it.”

“But, my dear Mary, don’t you think it would be better that he should learn to endure it, and get accustomed to be joked with?” said Mrs. Maclean. “When he goes to school he will be compelled to bear the jokes of his companions, if he gets angry on such occasions, they will only joke at him the more, and he will have a very uncomfortable time of it.”

“Poor boy! I am afraid what you say is true, but still, I do not consider that his sister should be the person to teach him the unpleasant lesson,” answered Mrs. Vallery.

“I did not intend to hurt his feelings, and will find



him and try to comfort him as well as I can," said Fanny, putting up her work.

Fanny found Norman just going into his room to get ready for tea. "I am so sorry I laughed when you told us about the fish just now, Norman," she said putting her hand on his arm; "I did not intend to laugh at you, but only at what you said."

"I do not see why you should have laughed at all, I don't like it, and won't stand it, and you had better not do it again," he answered, tearing himself away from her, and running into his room. She attempted to follow, but he slammed the door in her face, and shot the bolt, so that she could not enter.

"My dear brother, do listen to me, I am very very sorry to have offended you, and will not, if I can help it, laugh at you again," she said, much grieved at his petulant behaviour.

Norman made no answer, but she heard him stamping about in his room and knocking over several things.

Finding all her efforts vain, she got ready for tea, and went to the dining-room, where that meal was spread in Highland fashion.

Norman who was hungry, at last made his appearance. He went to his seat without speaking or even looking at her. Mr. Maclean who knew nothing of what had passed, talked to him in his usual kind way, and promised to take him out the next morning that he might commence his lessons in fly-fishing. Norman being thus treated, was perfectly satisfied with himself, and considered that Fanny alone was to blame for the ill-feeling in which



he allowed himself to indulge towards her. She made several attempts to get him to speak, but to no purpose.

How sad it was that Norman should have been able to place his head on his pillow and not experience any feeling of compunction at doing so without being reconciled to his gentle sister.

Next morning he was up betimes, and went off soon after breakfast with Mr. Maclean to the loch.

Fanny amused herself for some time with her little bird. It now knew her so well that when she opened the door of its cage, it would fly out as she called it, and come and perch on her finger, and when she put some crumbs on the table, it would hop forward, turning its head about, and pick them up one after the other, watching lest any stranger should approach. If any one entered the room it immediately came close up to Fanny, or perched on her hand, and seemed to feel that it was perfectly safe while under her protection. It would not, however, venture out if any one else was in the room. Fanny kept its cage hung up on a peg near the window of her bedroom. She brought it down that morning to show to Mrs. Leslie.

"I must give it a name, dear granny," she said; "can you help me? Do you recollect the pretty story you used to read to me when I was a very little girl, about the three robins—Dickey, and Flapsey, and Pecksy. I have been thinking of calling it by one of those names, but I could not make up my mind."

"Which name do you like the best, my dear?" asked Mrs. Leslie.



“I think Pecksy. Pecksy was a good, obedient, little bird, and I am sure my dear little bird is as good as a bird can be.”

“Then I think I would call it Pecksy, dear,” answered Mrs. Leslie; and Fanny decided on so naming her little favourite.

“Now you shall see, granny, how Pecksy will come out when I call it, if you will just hold up your shawl as you sit in your arm-chair, so that it may not see you; yet I am sure it would not be afraid of you if it knew how kind you are, and I shall soon be able to teach it to love you;” so Fanny placed the cage on a little table at the farther end of the room, and, opening the door, went to some distance and called to Pecksy, and out came Pecksy and perched on her fingers. She then, talking to it and gently stroking its back, brought it quietly up to her granny. Greatly to her delight, Pecksy did not appear at all afraid.

“There, granny! there! I was sure Pecksy would learn to love you,” she exclaimed; and Pecksy looked up into the kind old lady’s face, and seemed perfectly satisfied that no harm would come to it.

“Oh, I wish Norman would be fond of the little bird too,” she said, “but he does not seem to care about it, and thinks it beneath his notice; and yet I have heard of many boys—not only little ones, but big boys, and even grown-up men—who were fond of birds, and have tamed them, and taught them to come to them, and learn to trust and love them.”

“I do, indeed, wish that Norman was fond of your



little bird," observed Mrs. Leslie ; "many noble and great men have been fond of dumb animals, and have found pleasure in the companionship even of little birds. It is no sign of true manliness to despise even the smallest of God's creatures, or to treat them otherwise than with kindness. You remember those lines of the poet Cowper which begin thus, —

‘I would not enter on my list of friends  
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.’

They refer rather to cruelty to animals, but they occurred to me just now when thinking of Norman, and we must try to get him to learn them, as I am afraid that he does not consider that all God's creatures have feeling, and that he would carelessly injure them if they came in his way."

"I fear that at present he would do so, but then, he is very little," said Fanny, "and perhaps if he learns those lines they may teach him to be kinder than he now is to dumb animals ; still, I am sure he would not have the heart to hurt little Pecksy."

Poor Fanny judged of Norman by herself, notwithstanding the way he had so constantly behaved. She little thought of what he was capable of doing, still less of what he would become capable as he grew older, unless he was altogether changed.

Fanny had just returned Pecksy to his cage when the laird and Norman entered. Norman boasted of the way in which he had handled his rod.



“Mr. Maclean says that I shall soon become a first-rate fly-fisher,” he exclaimed. “I should have caught some fish to-day if I had had a hook. He would not let me put one on for fear I should hook him or myself, but I am determined to have one next time, and then you will see I shall bring back a whole basketful of fish.”

Fanny did not laugh at what Norman said, though she felt much inclined to do so. She remembered too well the effect her laughter had produced on the previous evening, and she was most anxious not to irritate his feelings.

The laird had now, as he called it, taken Norman in hand, and for several days allowed the boy to accompany him when he went fishing on the loch. On each occasion he made him practise with his little rod and line, but would not permit him to put on a hook, in spite of the earnest request Norman made that he might be allowed to use one.

“No, laddie, no ; not till I see that you can throw a fly with sufficient skill to entice a fish shall you use a hook while you are with me,” he answered.

His refusal greatly annoyed Norman, who one day, losing his temper, declared that unless he was allowed to have a hook he would not go out any more in the boat.

“Very well, laddie, ye maun just stay at home and amuse yourself as best you can,” was the answer he received from the laird, who, taking up his rod, went off, accompanied by old Sandy, without him.

Norman walked about the grounds in a very ill-humour, wishing that he had kept his agreement with



his good-natured host. At last, growing tired of his own company, he returned to the house, thinking that a game of some sort or other, even with Fanny, would be better than being all alone. She, supposing that he had gone off with the laird, did not expect to see him, and having brought Pecksy down to the library, was amusing herself by playing with her little favourite. Having collected some crumbs after breakfast in a paper, she brought them with her, and seating herself in a large arm-chair at the library table, placed the cage by her side, and took Pecksy out of it. Having given him one or two crumbs, she thought she would make him run round and round the table, and then from one end to the other, so she placed the crumbs at intervals round the edge, and then in a line down the centre.

“It would amuse granny to see Pecksy at my word of command hop round the table, and then come back to me, and as she would not observe the crumbs, she would wonder, till I told her how very obedient he has become. But I would tell her directly afterwards, for I would not really deceive her even in that way,” Fanny said to herself.

Fanny, having placed the crumbs, was delighted to find how well her plan succeeded, for as soon as Pecksy had picked up one crumb, seeing another before him, he hopped forward and picked that up, and so on, till he had gone round the whole circle.

Fanny had made him go through his performance once or twice, for she had wisely put down very small crumbs indeed, so that his appetite was not satisfied.



Having placed Pecksy at the further end of the table where she had left him a few crumbs to occupy his attention, she had just resumed her seat, when, unperceived by her, Norman stole into the room. A large book lay on a chair near him. On a sudden an evil thought entered his mind. Pecksy was in his power, and he had an opportunity of venting the ill-feeling he had long entertained against Fanny and her little pet.

Taking up the book, he stole round behind a high-backed chair, which was placed against the table. Fanny was so engaged with her bird that she did not see him. Rising up suddenly with the book in his hands, the cruel boy let it fall directly down on the little bird. Perhaps he was scarcely aware of the fatal consequences of his act, perhaps he thought that the falling book would only frighten the bird, which would fly away and save itself. We cannot bear to suppose that, ill-tempered as he was, he could have meditated the destruction of his gentle sister's little favourite. People often do not consider the sad results of their evil temper and bad conduct.

The book fell directly on poor little Pecksy. Fanny gave a cry of grief and terror.

"Oh, what have you done, Norman!" she exclaimed, as she saw his face just above the chair, with an expression, oh how different to what she could have supposed that of her little brother could wear.

He did not utter a word, but gazed intently at the book. She lifted it up. There lay her dear little Pecksy motionless. She took the bird up in her hands,



examining it anxiously, while the tears fell fast from her eyes.

Norman, conscience-stricken for the first time in his life, could not bear to look at her any longer, and rushed out of the room.

“Oh, what have I done! what have I done!” he exclaimed; “it cannot be dead! the book was not so very big—that could not have killed it all in a moment.

He was afraid of meeting anybody, and he hurried out into the grounds. At first he ran very fast, supposing that some one would come after him, then finding that he was not pursued, he went at a slower pace. On reaching the woods he turned off the path and plunged into them to hide himself. First he crouched down beneath some thick bushes, thinking that no one would discover him there, but he felt too uncomfortable to stay long quiet—he must keep moving on. Slowly he made his way through the woods. He thought he heard footsteps. He tried to push deeper into the woods. On and on he went—he tore his clothes, and scratched his face and hands, he did not know where he was going, he did not care—provided he could keep out of the way of everybody. Never before had he been so miserable, his feelings at last became intolerable.

“Perhaps after all the bird is not dead,” he thought.

The idea brought him some relief. “I must go back and try and find out,” he said to himself. “If I hear Fanny crying, and making a noise, I will run off again. I could not face mamma and granny and the rest of them if they were to know that I had killed Fanny’s bird.”



To his surprise, as he went on through the woods, he suddenly saw the house directly before him. He ran towards it. He met the gardener, who, however, took no notice of him. "He at all events knows nothing about what has happened," he thought. At a little distance off was Mrs. Maclean with scissors in hand, trimming her roses, but she only looked up for a moment, wondering why Norman should be running about without his hat.

"It's all right, the bird cannot have been killed after all," he thought.

He entered the house, and went into the library. There sat Fanny in the arm-chair, hiding her weeping eyes with one hand, while in the other, which rested on the table, lay poor little Pecksy. Norman, stealing up close to her, gazed at the bird. It lay on its back with its delicate little legs in the air, its feathers were ruffled, and a drop of blood was on its beak.

"It does not move, but perhaps it is sleeping," thought Norman; "yet I never saw a bird sleep in that way. I am afraid it must be dead; and if it is, what will Fanny do to me? She will box my ears harder than she ever did, and then she will tell the laird, and he will whip me, to a certainty."

Norman moved a little nearer. Fanny heard him, and, lifting up her head from her hand, she looked at him for a moment, and said in a low voice—

"O Norman, poor Pecksy is dead," and then again burst into tears.





## CHAPTER IX.

### SORROW IS NOT REPENTANCE.

**N**ORMAN had intended to run away and hide himself should he find that he really had killed the little bird. He was sure that Fanny and everybody else would be ready to beat him, but her gentle, though reproachful, tone greatly calmed his fears.

“If she is not angry, I suppose that others will not be,” he thought, as he stood by her side, with his eyes still fixed on the dead bird. “I wish I had not done it; if I had frightened her by merely letting the book drop near the bird, it would have been enough. Oh dear! oh dear! I wish I could bring it to life again! Can it really be dead?”

As these expressions were uttered in a very low voice, they did not reach Fanny’s ears. For some minutes she did not move. He could not longer endure to watch her silent grief.

“Fanny,” he said, in a gentle voice, very unusual for him, “is little Pecksy really dead? Do look and see; perhaps you can make it come to life again. I wish you could; I am so sorry I hit it so hard.”



Fanny lifted her head from her hands, and turned her eyes towards the little bird. She got up from her chair, and examined it carefully.

“Give it something to eat, perhaps that will make it move about,” suggested Norman.

Fanny shook her head. She tried to open its beak, but could not succeed.

“O Norman, it already feels quite cold. It cannot open its beak, and its legs are stiff. It will never hop about any more, or pick up crumbs, or come flying to me, or sing in the morning to wake me up; poor, dear, little Pecksy is really dead.”

All this time she did not utter a word of anger or reproach. Instead of rushing at Norman and boxing his ears, as he had expected, she stood still, contemplating with grief her dead bird. Again the tears trickled from her eyes. For the first time in his life Norman felt ashamed of himself.

“I am very sorry,” he murmured; “I did not intend to kill the bird.”

“I was sure you did not,” she said. “I do not think any human being could be so cruel.”

“No, I did not—I did not,” said Norman. “But do you think that anybody else can make it live again?”

“Oh, no, no; I am sure no one can,” answered Fanny.

“Then, what are you going to do? Tell them all that I killed it?” asked Norman.

“I would rather you did that yourself,” said Fanny. “I cannot; it would break my heart to talk about it, and I should be so very, very sorry to say how it happened.”



“Then you really mean to say that you do not wish to tell granny or mamma, or to get Mr. Maclean to whip me?” he asked, in a tone of surprise.

“Yes, indeed, Norman, I would much rather not have to tell granny or mamma, and I have not for a moment thought of asking Mr. Maclean to punish you.”

“Still, they must all know it,” said Norman, “and what will they do when you tell them?”

“They would, of course, be very angry if they could think you did it on purpose,” said Fanny. “That is the reason why I wish you to tell them yourself. Mamma, and granny, and Mrs. Maclean are in the drawing-room now, and they will be wondering why I am so long away. Could you not go in at once and tell them what has happened, and ask granny to come to me? I cannot go in by myself with poor little Pecksy in my hand. It would make them all so sad.”

Norman felt very unwilling to do as his sister advised, still he could not help seeing that it was the best plan, though a very disagreeable one. In consequence of the way Fanny had spoken to him, he had no longer any fears about himself.

“If she is not angry with me, they cannot be.” He stood, however, irresolute for some time, thinking whether he would or would not go—if he did go, what he should say. Fanny again urged him to go at once.

“If you do not, I must, as I cannot stay longer away from the drawing-room,” she said.

Norman at last made up his mind to go. He



approached the drawing-room door, but stood outside before he could venture to turn the handle.

“I wish I had not killed that bird,” he again said to himself. “It did me no harm, and Fanny does not treat me as I thought she would, and as I should have treated her if she had killed a bird of mine which I was fond of. I should have flown at her, and kicked her, and scolded at her day after day, and do not think I should ever have forgiven her; but she does not even say a word to me, and tries to think that I did not wish to hurt the bird. I knew well enough that big book would kill the little creature, and I tried to make it fall just on the top of it. I know I did; and all because I was angry with Fanny, and that little Robby, and his grandfather who gave her the bird. I only wish that they all would be very angry. It would be better than treating me as Fanny has done.”

At last Norman put his hand on the door handle. He turned it, and entering, walked forward till he stood before the three ladies, who were seated at their work.

“Well, Norman, what brings you here? We thought you were out fishing with the laird,” said his granny, looking up from under her spectacles.

“I have been and thrown a book on Fanny’s bird, and it’s dead. She asked me to come and tell you,” said Norman in a gruff voice; “and, granny, she wants you to go to her. I wish I had not done it, that’s all I have got to say.”

Having uttered these words he stood stock still, as



if he was ready to receive any scoldings the ladies might think fit to administer.

“You have killed Fanny’s bird!” exclaimed Mrs. Leslie and his mamma. “What could make you do that?”

“I don’t know, I wish I hadn’t; but I am not going to say any more,” answered Norman.

“I will go to poor Fanny and try to comfort her, if the bird is really dead,” said Mrs. Leslie rising.

“Norman, come here,” said his mamma, as soon as his granny had left the room. “If you have really killed Fanny’s bird on purpose, you have done a cruel thing. We are expecting your papa here this afternoon. When he hears of it, he will, I am sure, be very angry, and will punish you as he did the other day, before we left home.”

“I do not mind if he does,” said Norman. “When I threw the book, I did not care whether I killed the bird or not.”

“I am afraid that Norman is a very naughty boy,” observed Mrs. Maclean, who did not understand the feeling which prompted him to say this. “You know the advice I have often given you, my dear Mary, and I hope when Captain Vallery comes, he will see the necessity of punishing him when he behaves ill, more severely than he appears hitherto to have done.”

Norman looked up at Mrs. Maclean with a frown on his brow. He was beginning again to harden his heart, which had been softened by Fanny’s grief and the gentle way she had spoken to him.



“I don’t thank you for saying that, old lady,” he thought. “If papa whips me, I shall remember who advised him to do so,” and he determined to say no more. In vain his mamma and Mrs. Maclean asked him why he had killed the bird, the latter continuing to scold him severely for some minutes.

At last Mrs. Leslie came back leading Fanny, whose countenance still showed traces of her grief. As she entered the room she heard Mrs. Maclean’s last remarks.

“Oh, do not scold Norman,” she said coming up to her, “do not be angry, dear mamma! I am sure he is very sorry for what he has done, and I want to forgive him; indeed I do, I do not wish that he should be punished in any way.”

Norman had not for a moment supposed that his sister would attempt to defend him, and, touched by her forgiving spirit, he ran up to her and took her hand.

“Thank you, Fanny,” he said, “I do not mind how much scolding I get, for I deserve it, and I wish you would scold me too, but yet I can bear from others much more than I can from you.”

Fanny only replied by kissing him. She then took his hand.

“Come with me, Norman,” she said, “granny has been telling me what we had better do, and if you will help me we will do it at once. Granny has promised that she will not scold you,” she whispered in his ear.

Norman cast a half-timid grateful glance at his granny, he did not venture to look at Mrs. Maclean and mamma, and willingly accompanied Fanny out of



the room. "What is it you want to do, Fanny?" he asked as she led him back into the study.

"I want you to help me to bury poor Pecksy," she answered. "Granny says, that as long as we see him, we shall be thinking about him, but that if he is buried, we shall by degrees forget all about this sad event, and we will therefore bury him as soon as we can. I propose that we should get the little cart, and and that we should put some boughs on it, and place Pecksy on the top of them, and draw him to a quiet part of the grounds, and that you should dig a grave. We will then put a tomb-stone, and I will write an epitaph to put on it. I have been thinking what I should write, and I have made up my mind to put simply, 'Here lies Pecksy, the feathered friend of Fanny Vallery.' If I was to write when he died, or how he was killed, or anything of that sort, it might remind me of what I want to forget. Don't you think that will be very nice."

"Oh yes," answered Norman, "I like your idea. I will dig the grave. I will go and ask the gardener to lend me a spade or a pickaxe, or a hoe or some tool to dig with, and we will set out at once."

The children having formed the plan, at once carried it out. Norman ran off to the gardener and told him what he wanted.

"A spade or a pickaxe is rather too much for you to handle, my laddie," he answered, "but you shall have a hoe, which will be big enough to dig a little birdie's grave."



Norman having obtained the tool hurried back with it to the yard, where he found Fanny, who had got the cart ready. The gardener understanding what they wanted cut a number of boughs, which placed across the cart formed in their opinion a very appropriate hearse.

Fanny then went back and brought out poor little Pecksy, followed by Norman, who acted as chief mourner. The bird being placed in due form on its bier, they set forth, Fanny drawing the hearse, and Norman carrying the hoe over his shoulder. He looked and indeed felt very sad, while the tears dropped from Fanny's eyes. Still, perhaps, she was not very unhappy, she could scarcely have been so, with the consciousness that she had acted in a forgiving loving spirit, sorry as she was, however, to have lost her little bird.

They soon reached the spot which Fanny had selected for the grave. It was by her granny's advice somewhat out of the way.

"See, Norman," she observed, "it is better here than in a part of the garden we have often to pass, because we need not come here except perhaps by-and-by when we shall have ceased to think so much about poor little Pecksy."

The trees grew thickly around the spot, but there was an open space of two or three feet. Here the ground being soft, Norman soon dug a grave. It was not very deep, nor long, nor wide, but quite large enough for the purpose.

Having deposited the little bird in it, after Fanny



had given one last glance at her pet, Norman covered it up. They then surrounded the grave with the boughs which had served for a bier, and having finished all they could then think of doing, they returned to the house.

On their way they met the gardener, who had, at the request of their granny, prepared a smooth piece of hard wood. Fanny, thanking him, took it into the house, and as she was very neat-handed with her pen, she soon managed to write out the epitaph she proposed.

With this they returned to the tiny grave, and set it up at one end.

“We have one thing more to do though,” she said, “come and help me to pick some wild-flowers—the smallest we can find.”

Having collected a number, she neatly formed a pretty little wreath.

“The French, and other people I have read of, have the custom of placing wreaths of flowers on the tombs of their friends, and so that is why I thought of putting one on Pecksy’s grave,” she observed. “I might have picked some from the garden, but I think wild-flowers are more suited to the little bird.”

She stood gazing at the spot, after she had deposited the wreath for a minute or two.

“There, we can do no more,” she said, with a sigh, as she took Norman’s hand. “We will go home now, and, O Norman, if you will try to be a good boy, and love me and everybody else, I shall not mind so much having lost dear little Pecksy.”



## CHAPTER X.

### THE DREAM.

**N**ORMAN walked on by the side of his sister towards the house without speaking. Her heart was too full to say anything more. She found it, indeed, very difficult to forgive her brother from the bottom of her heart, and to love him notwithstanding all he had done.

Norman little thought as he walked by her side how kindly she felt to him. He fancied that she was only thinking about her little dead bird, and mourning for its loss. He was ashamed to look up into her face, as he would have done, had his conscience not accused him—for although he tried to persuade himself that he had not intended actually to kill the bird, yet he well knew that he had harboured the thought day after day, and often as he murmured to himself, “I did not want to kill it,” a voice said to him, “Norman, you know that you did want to kill it.”

“How different was the expression in the countenance of the two children. Although both were handsome, that of Norman showed his irritable discontented



disposition. By the time they reached the house Fanny had dried her tears, and hers exhibited the sweet gentle temper which animated her.

As they got near the house they saw Mrs. Leslie, who had come out into the garden. Fanny ran forward to meet her, and taking her hand said,—

“Dear granny it is all over, Norman is very sorry, so when papa comes this evening, I hope that he may not hear about my poor birdie, and that we shall both look smiling and happy.”

“I hope so, my dear, and I am very sure that neither your mamma nor Mrs. Maclean will tell him of what has occurred.”

“Oh, I shall be so much obliged to them,” answered Fanny, “it is what I have been dreading more than anything else, for I never saw Norman look so grieved for anything he has done.”

“That is a great step in the right direction, but he has still much to learn, and many faults to correct, and those faults he will not correct unless his heart is changed,” answered Mrs. Leslie.

“O dear granny, that is what I have been praying it may be,” said Fanny, “and you have often told me that God hears prayers even of weak little girls like me.”

“Yes, indeed, He does, and I trust that your prayers and mine, and your mamma’s, will be answered in His good time. God accomplishes His ends as He judges best ; and we must not despair, even if we do not see Norman behave as well as we could wish all at once.”



The subject of this conversation had been standing at some distance, with his head cast down, unwilling to approach his grandmamma, for he was afraid that he might receive another scolding, and was beginning to harden his heart to resist it.

“Come here, my dear Norman,” said Mrs. Leslie. “You know how I love you, for you are my only little grandson, and how anxious I am that you should be good and happy, and prosper in this world. This makes me very glad to hear what Fanny has been telling me, my dear child. We will all pray, that you will be enabled to keep to your good resolutions, but you must also pray for yourself. Then remember, my dear child, that God’s eye is upon you, that nothing you can think, or say, or do, is unknown to Him, that He is aware of every thought which enters your mind, that He sees even the most trifling thing you do, and hears every word you utter. He wishes you to be happy, and if you try to obey Him, He will enable you to be so. He is more loving than your papa or mamma, or your sister, or I can be.”

Norman listened attentively to all his grandmamma said. He might not clearly have understood every word, but he certainly did her meaning; and as she spoke so kindly and gently to him instead of scolding him, as he thought she would, he thought he would try to do as she wished him.

The children were in their garden dresses; Norman’s was much torn from his scramble through the woods. Fanny had on one which her mamma had brought from



France, like that of a peasant girl, which was well suited for wandering about the hills and moors.

After they had walked some time with their grand-mamma, she desired them to go in and dress, that they might be ready to receive their papa. They were hurrying up to their rooms, when, as they passed the library door, which was open, Fanny caught sight of her little pet's cage still on the floor where she had left it.

"Oh, it must not remain there! what shall we do with it? she said, as she went in followed by Norman.

The sight of the empty cage was more than she could bear. She took it up, and, looking at it for a moment, burst into tears. For some time she stood with her arm resting on the table, supporting her head in her hand.

"I did not think I should feel so much for poor, dear, little Pecksy," she said, trying to restrain her tears.

Norman stood by crying also. He could now sympathise with his sweet sister; but a short time before he would have been inclined to laugh at her tears, and "I did it; I did it," he said to himself. "Oh, how cruel I was; I wish Mr. Maclean had come at once, and heard all about it and beat me, I am sure I deserve it; and the little bird, instead of singing merrily in the cage, now lies in the black earth all by itself. Oh, what a cruel, naughty boy I have been!" Such thoughts passed through the mind of Norman though he did not speak them aloud. He rubbed his eyes with the back of his hands, and looked up sorrowfully at his sister.

At last Fanny recovered herself.



“I will carry the cage to granny,” she said; “she will take care of it till we can return it to old Alec, for I could never bear to see another little bird in it.”

Fanny felt this at the moment, but, probably, she would in time have thought differently.

She took the cage to her grandmamma’s room.

Norman stood outside while she went in.

Mrs. Leslie promised to do what she wished, and she then went and assisted Norman to dress. He made no resistance now, but let her wash his face and hands as thoroughly as she thought necessary; and he went and got his things and put them on himself, giving her as little trouble as possible.

Fanny was rapid in all her movements, and never dawdled over her toilet, so that she was quickly ready.

Norman on going into the hall met the laird, who had just come back from a long day’s fishing excursion, with a basketful of fine trout.

“Well, my laddie, I wish you had gone with me, for you would have seen some good sport,” he observed. “I was sorry that you did not keep to your promise.”

“I will behave properly another time,” answered Norman; “I know I was obstinate and naughty for not doing as you wished.”

“Well, laddie, I am glad to hear you say that, and I hope we shall have many a day’s fishing together,” was the answer.

“Thank you, Mr. Maclean,” said Norman. “I want to try and do as I am told. If you had taken me with you I should not have killed Fanny’s poor little bird.”



“What do you mean?” asked the laird.

Then Norman told him all that had occurred, adding,—

“And I wish you would beat me, Mr. Maclean, for I am sure I deserve it.”

“Boys only are whipped who are obstinate, and are not sorry for what they have done, and just to teach them right from wrong when they do not know it,” answered the laird. “I am glad to see that you are sorry, and that you do know that you did wrong; so, laddie, I cannot oblige you, you see, unless Fanny asks me.”

“Oh, she will not ask you, for she has forgiven me, and is so kind, and wants to forget all about it,” said Norman bursting into tears.

“That is just like her, the sweet little creature,” said the laird to himself, adding aloud, “If your sister has forgiven you, and you are sorry for what you have done, I have no reason to be angry or to whip you, so, my laddie, we will not talk of that any more. At the same time, I do not advise you to try and forget the matter, but just always think how kind your sister is, and try to please her, and be as kind to her as possible.”

While the laird retired to dress, Norman went into the drawing-room. No one was there. He did not know how to amuse himself. He wished that he could read; but he had not yet made sufficient progress to enable him to find any pleasure in a book. He hunted about for some of Fanny’s picture-books, but she had taken them upstairs, with the exception of one which he did not care much about. For want of a better,



however, he took it to the table, and, clambering into a high-backed chair which stood at it, tried to make out the meaning of the lines at the bottom of the page with the aid of the pictures.

He had been more agitated during the day than usual, and he felt very weary. Gradually his head dropped down on his arms, which were resting on the table, and he fell fast asleep. Still he thought that he was broad awake. To his surprise he saw before him the bird-cage, which he was sure Fanny had taken up to granny's room, for he had seen her go in with it; but there it stood on the table directly before him. Presently he heard a chirping sound, just as the linnet used to sing, and looking up, there, growing out of nothing, was the branch of a tree, and several little birds exactly like Pecksy perched upon it, while many more were flying through the sky towards him, and evidently coming down to join the others. Instead of singing merrily, however, like little Pecksy, their voices had a croaking angry sound. By degrees the voices changed from the notes of birds into those of human beings.

“Naughty, naughty boy!” said a voice which seemed to come from behind, “why did you kill Pecksy?”

Norman looked round. There, at the back of his chair he saw perched a bird which nodded its head up and down, and glared at him with its bright little eyes. He was too much frightened to reply; indeed, he had nothing to say for himself.

“You will not answer, then I must answer for you,” said the voice, which evidently came from the bird, and



though it spoke like a human being, yet it had the sound of a bird's notes, only much louder and shriller than any bird he had ever heard.

“You know that you were angry with little Robby, and jealous of your sweet sister, and that when old Alec gave her our little brother you resolved to kill it on the first opportunity. You thought of doing that cruel deed not only then, but day after day, and you watched for an opportunity. The opportunity came, and when you let the heavy book fall down on the poor little innocent creature, you knew perfectly well that it must kill him, if it did not press him as flat as a pancake. We will not forget what you have done, Master Norman Vallery. When you come into the garden we will not sing to you sweetly, but we will croak at you like so many crows, and call you ‘Naughty, naughty boy!’ When you run away we will follow you, for we can fly faster than you can run, and we will perch on the branches round you, and croak out, ‘Naughty, naughty boy!’ When you run on still farther to get away from us, we will fly on either side of you, and will croak out, ‘Naughty, naughty boy!’”

“Oh, do not, do not, please do not!” murmured Norman, though he spoke so low that he did not think the bird could hear him. “I will try not to be jealous of Fanny, or to be angry with her or anybody else.”

“We do not trust you,” said the bird on the back of his chair.



“We won’t trust you,” echoed the others, perched on the branch. “We shall do as we have said ; you will find that we can keep our promise, though you are ready enough to break yours. Who killed cock robin, who killed cock robin, who killed cock robin ?” sang the birds in chorus. “That little boy there, with his head on the table !” answered the bird at the back of his chair. “But he did not do it with a bow and arrow, he did it with a big heavy book, and it was not cock robin he killed, but our dear little brother Pecksy, the naughty, naughty boy !”

“Oh, I am so sorry !” groaned Norman. “You are right, I own that you are right, but do not scold me any more.”

“We shall see how you behave yourself. If you are a good boy we may relent, but if not, when you go into the woods, instead of singing sweetly as we do to your sister, and trying our best to give her pleasure, we will keep our promise, and croak in your ears, ‘Naughty, naughty boy !’”

Norman tried to cry out, to ask the birds not to be so angry with him. Just then he heard another voice saying,—

“My dear Norman, you are sleeping very uncomfortably with your head on the table, let me put you on the sofa. Your papa will soon be here, and after a little rest you will look fresh and ready to receive him.”

Norman lifted up his head and saw his mamma leaning over him.



The cage was gone, and the branch with all the birds on it had disappeared. He looked round, expecting to see the angry little bird at the back of his chair, but that had gone also, and he found, greatly to his relief, that he had been dreaming.

He told his mamma what he had seen.

“It was all your fancy, Norman,” she answered, “you were over-excited and tired. I will sit by you and take care that the birds do not come back again.”

His mamma placed him on the sofa and sat down by his side.

Norman was very soon again fast asleep, but the birds did not return, he only heard Fanny’s sweet voice telling him how much she loved him, and wished to forgive him all the harm he had done. He awoke much refreshed and happier than he had been for a long time.

“Here is papa ! here is Captain Vallery !” he heard several voices exclaim.

Directly afterwards Captain Vallery entered the drawing-room with his mamma and Fanny who had run out to meet him. Norman jumped up from the sofa.

“Why, my dear boy, you look rosy and well and fat, as if the Highland air agreed with you,” said his papa, stooping down and kissing him. “Why mamma, how grown he is. You will soon be a big boy, and able to play at cricket and football, and fish and shoot.”

“I can answer for it that he will soon be able to fish if he follows my directions,” observed the laird.



“He already has some notion of throwing a fly, and I hope in the course of a year or two that he will turn out a good fisher.”

“I hope he will turn out a good boy,” observed Mrs. Leslie, “for that is of more consequence, and I trust that he will become some day all we can desire.”

“No fear of that, granny, I hope,” observed Captain Vallery; “Norman is my son, and I intend that my son shall become a first-rate fellow.”

Norman felt proud of hearing his father speak of him in that way. At the same time he was afraid that somehow or other he might hear of his misdeeds, and be inclined to change his opinion. If his grand-mamma and Fanny did not say what he had done, his mamma might, or Mrs. Maclean, or the laird, or perhaps some of the servants, for he had never taken any pains to ingratiate himself with them.

This prevented him from feeling as happy as he otherwise might have been.

The laird insisted that the children should come down to dessert.

In consequence of their papa's arrival, dinner was much later than usual.

Fanny would only accept a little fruit and a small cake, but Norman, who was hungry, and liked good things, eagerly gobbled up as many cakes and as much fruit as the laird, near whom he sat, offered him. When he had finished, without asking anybody's leave, he put out his hand and helped himself to a peach which was in a plate temptingly near. Having finished it, he



looked towards the dish of cakes which was at a little distance.

“I should like some of those, now,” he said, pointing at them.

“Ye are a braw laddie, ye tak’ your meat,” observed the laird. “Pray, Mrs. Vallery, hand me the cakes.”

His mamma made signs to Norman that he should not have asked for them, but he did not attend to her, and when the laird handed him the dish he helped himself to several, and began to eat them up quickly, *fearing that they might be taken from him.*

“My dear, you will make that child ill,” observed Mrs. Maclean, addressing her husband from the other end of the table.

Norman looked round very indignantly at her, and helped himself again.

Mrs. Maclean had from the first perceived that Norman was allowed to have too much of his own way. He had discovered this, and was inclined to consider her as his personal enemy. Not content with what he had already obtained, as soon as he had emptied his plate, he helped himself to another cake or two from the plate which the laird had left near him. Mrs. Maclean shook her head, and looked at Mrs. Leslie.

“Norman, you really must not eat so much,” said his grandmamma.

“I am not eating much,” he answered in an angry tone, forgetting his good resolutions. “You all have had dinner, and it’s very hard that I should be told I must not eat when I am hungry.”



The laird, who was amused at the remark, laughed heartily. "You follow the example of the renowned Captain Dalgetty, and lay in a store when you have the opportunity."

"Captain Dalgetty was an old soldier of fortune, and never knew when he might next find a meal, and Norman is a little boy, and is very sure to have a sufficient breakfast to-morrow morning," observed Mrs. Leslie, "so pray Mr. Maclean, do not let him have any more dessert."

"Mr. Maclean is very kind, and you are all very ill-natured," exclaimed Norman angrily.

"Then it is time we should leave the table and carry you along with us, young gentleman," exclaimed Mrs Maclean, rising.

Norman was now thoroughly out of temper, and in contempt of his granny, who sat opposite to him, he seized another cake, which he crammed into his mouth. His grandmamma again shook her head at him, and then rising, came round to take him from his chair.

"Wish Mr. Maclean good-night, and go and kiss your papa," she said, "for it is time for you to go to bed, I am sure."

Norman did not wish to leave the table as long as he could get anything on it, and obstinately kept his seat.

Fanny felt very much vexed at seeing him behave in this way, and hurried up to assist her granny, not supposing for a moment that he would still refuse to go.

He held on to the table, and she had some difficulty in dragging him away. Forgetting all her loving-



kindness in the morning, as she attempted to pull him away, he struck out at her with his little fists, and hit her a severe blow on the face. She endeavoured not to cry out, or to show any one what he had done, for indeed she felt more pain on his account than on her own. The laird, who had gone to open the door, did not see what had occurred.

“Let me go that I may wish papa good-night,” said Norman, tearing himself away from Fanny, and running towards Captain Vallery.

“Good-night, my boy,” said his papa, who also had not observed his ill-behaviour. “When I unpack my portmanteau I hope to find some things for you and Fanny. You shall see them to-morrow morning.”

“Cannot you let me have them to-night? I hope you have got something I like,” said Norman, without any thought of thanking his papa for his kindness.

“I am afraid you must wait till to-morrow,” answered Captain Vallery, not rebuking him. “I have not had time to unpack my portmanteau, so you must have patience.”

“I want the things now,” said Norman; “everybody is trying to vex me.”

“Go to bed, you are tired,” said Captain Vallery soothingly. “Here, Fanny come and take the poor child off, I see that he has been sitting up too long.”

Norman, indeed, looked flushed and ill, and Fanny hoped that after a night’s rest, he would recollect his promise to try and behave well. Though he still resisted, she managed to lead him from the room.



“Leave me alone, Fanny,” he exclaimed, as soon as they reached the drawing-room. “I don’t want to go to bed, I had some sleep this afternoon, I have as much right to sit up as anybody else has,” and again he struck out at her.

“My dear Norman, have you already forgotten the promises you made to be a good boy?” she said gently. “Oh, do try and restrain your temper.”

“I did not say I would be good, if people were ill-natured to me, and granny and Mrs. Maclean wanted to stop me from having dessert, and I should have liked some more, and the laird would have given it me, if it had not been for them,” he answered petulantly. “I never liked old women, and I do not like them now.”

“Hush, hush, Norman,” cried Fanny horrified, and fearing that they might overhear him. “Do go to bed quietly, and I will come and help you if mamma will let me.”

Mrs. Vallery who had come from the farther end of the room, observing that Norman looked flushed and angry, although she had not heard what he had said, thought it advisable without further delay to carry him off to bed. He resisted, however, and said he was not sleepy and would not go.

Mrs. Maclean now came to his mamma’s assistance. She had no notion of a little boy behaving as Norman was doing. “Hoity, toity, young gentleman, I cannot have you treat your mamma in this way in my house, so come along this instant, and do not let me hear another word from you.”



Norman looked very angry at Mrs. Maclean, but he obeyed her, for he had sense enough left to know that he had better do as she bid him, for fear she should tell his papa how he had treated Fanny's bird.

Alas ! all his good resolutions had been scattered to the winds. He now, however, went quietly enough with his mamma. When he got to his room, he gave her as much trouble as he could, and declared that he was too sleepy to say his prayers, though just before he had been asserting that he was not at all sleepy, and did not wish to go to bed. She, in vain, begged him to do so, and had at last, as she often had before done, to kneel down by his bedside and pray for him. He turned his face away from her, when she bade him good-night, and only mumbled a reply. There are, I am afraid, many more little boys like Norman, who do not regret how much pain they give those who love them best.

Poor Fanny was especially grieved. She had flattered herself that happy days were coming, when Norman would be gentle and obliging, and all she could wish, and now he appeared to be as naughty as ever.

I do not know whether the little birds again visited him in his dreams, and croaked and scolded him, and told him that he was a very, very naughty boy, but I am very certain that his dreams could not have been pleasant.

Fanny had another cause for regret, when she looked up at the spot where the cage with her little favourite



in it used to hang, and no cage was there. Had Norman continued to show that he was sorry, and was really going to behave better, she would not she thought have felt her loss so much. As soon as she was up in the morning, she went in as usual to help her brother, who though he declared that he could dress himself, never managed to do so properly. He appeared to be in a better temper than on the previous evening.

“Good morning, Fanny,” he said, jumping up. “I won’t keep you long, for I want to get downstairs as soon as possible to see the things papa has brought us. I wonder what they are.”

“I am sure they are what we shall like,” said Fanny, “though I did not know that he had brought anything.”

“He has brought me something at all events,” said Norman, “for he told me so, and I hope that he will bring them, when he comes downstairs, or perhaps he would give them to me if I went to his room.”

“Pray, don’t do that,” said Fanny. “It will appear as if you were more eager to learn what he has brought than to see him, and he may not have time before breakfast to unpack his large portmanteau.”

Norman felt vexed that his sister should give him this advice, and somewhat unwillingly accompanied her downstairs.

Mrs. Maclean, who was in the breakfast-room, received Fanny in her usually affectionate way.

“Good-morrow to you, young gentleman; I hope you have slept yourself into a pleasanter humour than



you went to bed with," she said, as she held out her hand, and made him a formal curtsy.

Norman did not like her salutation, but the awe he felt for her, prevented him from making a rude answer which rose to his lips.

"I hope Norman will be a good boy to-day, Mrs. Maclean," said Fanny, wishing to apologise for him. "He was tired last night, and did not know exactly what he was about."

"But little boys should know what they are about," observed the lady. "However, we will hope for the best, and I shall be glad to see him eat his porridge with an appetite."

"Are you prepared, Fanny, for an excursion to-day? We have been asked to join some friends in a picnic at Glen Corpach, and as there are several young people among the families who have promised to come, you will have companions of your own age."

"I shall be delighted. What a lovely day for it too," exclaimed Fanny, "and I am sure Norman will like it very much."

Norman wondered what a picnic could mean.

"Is there to be fun of any sort? What are we to do?" he asked.

"My idea of a picnic," answered Fanny, "is, that people collect at a beautiful spot, and bring pies and chickens and all sorts of things to eat, and spread them out on a table-cloth on the grass; and sit round it on the ground, and talk merrily, and laugh; and that some facetious old gentleman makes a funny speech;



and songs are sung ; and that here in Scotland there is a bag-piper ; and that people get up and dance, and the young ladies have their sketch-books, and when tired of dancing make sketches and ramble about among the rocks. That then a gipsy-fire is lighted, and tea is made, and that after that, perhaps there is more dancing. At last the time comes for people to start, and they all drive home again. I went with granny to a picnic like that last year, and she enjoyed it very much, and I am sure I did."

"You have given a very good description of what, I daresay, our proposed picnic will be like," said Mrs. Maclean ; "and I hope you will enjoy it as much as you did yours last year. I have no doubt there will be a piper, and, perhaps, two or three, and that they will do their best to make the hills resound with their music."

"I think it will be very stupid if we do nothing else than that," said Norman. "It might be better if we could shoot or fish, or if there is a boat in which the other boys and I can row about."

"I daresay our friends will try to find amusement for you little boys as well as for the older persons of the party, though, if you wish it, we might possibly make arrangements to leave you behind," observed Mrs. Maclean.

"No, no, I should not like that," answered Norman, shaking his head. "I will go to see what is done."

Mrs. Maclean smiled at the young gentleman's answer.

The rest of the party soon entered the breakfast-room,



Captain Vallery came last. Fanny jumped up to throw her arms round his neck and kiss him; but Norman did not leave his seat; he had been looking out for the presents of which his papa had spoken. He was much disappointed when he saw him deposit two small parcels on the sideboard.

“We will look at them after prayers,” he observed.

Mr. Maclean kept to the good custom of having all the servants in to morning prayers, and reading to them from God’s Word. Norman attended very little to what was said, as he was wondering all the time what could be in the parcels.

“I wish they had been bigger,” he thought, “for I am afraid papa has, after all, brought some stupid little things which I shall not care about, and perhaps Fanny’s will be better than mine.”

The patience of Norman was still further to be tried, for his papa, who was hungry, forgot all about the presents, and took his seat with the rest of the party at the breakfast table.

“Come, my boy, eat your porridge, or it will be getting cold,” said Mr. Maclean, lifting Norman into the air, and placing him down in the chair as if he had been a little baby.

Norman felt indignant, as he liked to be treated as a big boy. He was, however, in spite of his curiosity, glad to swallow his porridge, and to eat some bacon, with a slice or two of bread and preserves, which Mr. Maclean placed in succession upon his plate.

At last he could no longer restrain his anxiety to



know what his papa had brought. Fanny also thought she should like to know, but had refrained from saying anything.

“What have you brought for us there?” he asked at length, pointing towards them.

“You may bring them and we will see,” answered his papa.

Norman jumped up, and, seizing the parcels, began tearing them open.

“Stop, stop!” cried his grandmamma, who observed him. “You do not know which is for you; and your papa told you to bring them.”

Norman paid but little attention to what Mrs. Leslie said, and had almost torn one of them open before his papa took them.

“We must look at the one for Fanny first, as she is a young lady,” observed Captain Vallery, feeling the parcels, and undoing one, he presented Fanny with a box which had a glass top, and inside of it was a white swan with three gaily-coloured fish.

“If we had a basin of water we should be able to make the swan and fish swim about,” said Captain Vallery; “I never saw anything of the sort before, and was sure Fanny would like it.”

Now Fanny had not only seen but possessed a magnetic toy similar to the one her papa had brought her. She had, however, given it away to a young friend who had expressed a wish to possess it; and Fanny had assured her that she found no great amusement in it herself.



Mrs. Leslie, too, knew this, and was pleased to see the affectionate way in which Fanny thanked her papa. Fanny, though she did not care for the gift herself, was grateful to him for having brought it to her, and she thought that it would, at all events, amuse Norman, who had never seen anything of the sort. She therefore gladly jumped down to ring the bell that the servant might bring a dish of water for the swan and fish to swim in, and to be attracted by the magnet, which she found carefully wrapped up at the bottom of the box. She looked forward with pleasure to the surprise her brother would exhibit at seeing the fish and swan come at her call.

Norman, who was in the meantime fumbling away at the other parcel, eyed her toy with a feeling very like that which had entered his heart when she had her beautiful doll given to her. His parcel felt soft, he feared that it was of very little value, and he wondered what it could possibly be. At last the paper was torn off.

“Why, it’s only the skin of an old football without any wind in it !” he exclaimed in a disappointed tone.

“It is a new football, and we can soon put wind in it,” observed his papa, laughing at what he thought his son’s wit ; and taking it from Norman, he put the part with the hole to his mouth and began to blow and blow till gradually the ball swelled out to its full size. Norman looked on wonderingly all the time. Then Captain Vallery fastened a piece of string round the



neck of the bladder into which he had been blowing, and tightly laced up the leathern covering.

“There my boy,” he exclaimed, “you have a bran new football which you may kick from John o’ Groat’s house to the Land’s End without its being much the worse for its journey, only you must not treat it as you did the last.”

Norman ran after the ball, which his papa rolled to the other end of the room. The pleasure he might have felt at obtaining it was taken away by his hearing Captain Vallery tell the laird how he had cut open his other ball to look for the wind in it, at which the laird laughed heartily, declaring that he was a true philosopher and would some day become the Principal of the University of Aberdeen or St. Andrews.

The servant coming in with the dish, Norman left his ball to see the swan and fish come at Fanny’s call to be fed. She managed very cleverly, by holding a piece of bread over the magnet. Norman looked on, wondering what could make the creatures come when Fanny called them, and half believing that they must be alive. Then he thought how much he should like to have them if they would come to him as readily as they did to Fanny.

“Let me try them, Fanny,” he said eagerly; “I am sure if I call them they will swim across the dish to me. Mamma give me a piece of bread.”

Norman held it to the side of the dish. Neither the swan nor the fish moved; then he threw some crumbs



towards them, but they had no greater effect. He began to grow angry.

“I do not see why they should come more to you than to me,” he said grumpily.

Fanny then let him see that she held something in her hand.

“What is that?” he asked.

“That is my magic wand?” she answered laughing. “Perhaps if you take it you will find that the creatures come towards you.”

Norman snatched it from her. The swan was at this time near him. What was his astonishment on presenting the rod, to see the swan swim away from him instead of coming near, and when he tried the fish they did the same.

“You see they are not so tame to you as they are to me?” said Fanny laughing.

Norman had presented the reverse end of the magnet, which, of course, sent them away from him. Again he tried to attract the fish and swan.

“Let me try again!” said Fanny, “if I look angrily at them they will go away from me as they did from you.” She also presented the reverse end of the magnet, trying to frown, though she had some difficulty in bringing her smiling countenance to do so. “Now I will look kindly at them, and call them, and you will see that they will come to me;” and she presented the right end of the magnet, when all the creatures came up to the side of the dish near which she stood.

She now gave it back to Norman, and though he



did not look as amiable as she did, he burst into a laugh when he saw the creatures coming towards him.

“I wish papa had brought me something like that,” he said. “There is some fun in it.”

“You shall play with it as much as you like, Norman,” said Fanny. “As it is papa’s present I cannot give it you, but you can amuse yourself with it as much as if it was yours.”

This promise for the moment put Norman into better humour, though he still wished that he had the toy all to himself, while he left his football neglected on the ground.

The rest of the party went to get ready for their excursion, but he could not leave Fanny’s toy. When she came back dressed, she found him at the side-table, where the servant had placed the dish.

“I will give you my football for this, for I want it all to myself.”

“I am sorry to hear you say that,” answered Fanny ; “I told you that I could not give away papa’s present, and the football is not suited to a little girl like me.”

“You are an ill-natured thing,” exclaimed Norman, petulantly. “You will never do what I want.”

Fanny smiled, though she felt inclined to be vexed at this false accusation.

“We must at all events put the things up now,” she said, “for mamma has sent me to tell you to come and get ready.”

“I will not get ready, I do not want to go to the picnic,” said Norman.



“But you must come,” said Fanny taking hold of his arm, “mamma wishes it.”

Norman resisted, and, intending to seize the table, caught the dish instead, and pulled it to the ground, splashing himself over and breaking the dish.

“Oh what have you done?” cried Fanny.

“It was all your fault,” said Norman, “If you had let me alone it would not have happened.”

Fanny did feel very angry with him. What she might have done, it is difficult to say, had not Mrs. Maclean entered the room.

“I can understand how it happened, and whose fault it was,” she observed. “Do not mind the broken dish, dear Fanny, I will send for the servant to take it away, and do you, young gentleman, go and get ready to accompany your mamma.”

Norman, who on seeing Mrs. Maclean enter, fully expected to be punished, thought her kinder than he had supposed, and felt more inclined to like her than before. He accompanied Fauny without saying a word, and made no opposition when getting ready for the excursion.





## CHAPTER XI.

### THE PICNIC.

THERE were two small open carriages prepared for the expedition. The laird drove Mrs. Maclean and Mrs. Leslie in one, and Captain Valery took charge of his wife and children in the other.

After driving some way along the road, leaving the loch behind them they mounted a hill, and to Fanny's surprise, she found that they were close to Alec Morrison's cottage. The laird called him out.

"We are going to Glen Colpach, and as I am not sure whether we shall find any one to row the boat there, I wish you would come with us."

Alec said he could not leave Robby.

"Bring him, then," said the laird. "You get up by the side of me, and Robby can go in the other carriage with the children."

They stopped a few minutes while his grandfather helped Robby to put on his best clothes. His toilet was quickly finished, and Alec lifted him into the carriage with the children.

Fanny was very glad to see him, but Norman looked



at him askance, as if he was an intruder, and was afraid besides that he would ask after the little bird. Fanny also was afraid that he might do so, and she was very unwilling to have to tell him that it was dead. She therefore talked to him about as many things as she could think of. She asked him how Lory was, and if he had ever been in a carriage before? Robby answered that Lory was very well, and that he had once been in a carrier's cart, but that it did not move as fast as they were going, and seemed highly delighted with the drive. The question both the children dreaded came at last.

"Don't be teasing us by your questions, you stupid little fellow," said Norman hastily, "I wonder you are not ashamed of your impudence."

Poor little Robby looked much abashed at this rebuke.

"I only asked after the young lady's bird," he said.

"Hold your tongue, you little monkey," cried Norman, giving him a kick, "that's just what I don't choose you should talk about."

"Norman you should not treat Robby so," said Fanny becoming indignant. "I am sorry to say, Robby, that the little birdie is dead. We did not behave as kindly to it as you would have done."

"Oh dear! oh dear! how did it die?" asked Robby.

"Hold your tongue, I say," cried Norman giving him another kick, which made Robby cry.

This attracted the attention of Mrs. Vallery who was seated in front with her husband.



“What is the matter, children?” she asked, looking round.

“Nothing at all, mamma, only the stupid child chooses to cry,” answered Norman. “Keep quiet you tiresome little brat.”

“Oh, mamma, will you take Norman in front with you? He has hurt Robby,” said Fanny.

“I won’t go,” answered Norman, “I like to stay where I am. You may take the brat with you if you like, mamma.”

“There is scarcely room for any one,” said Mrs. Vallery. “And I must beg you children to be quiet. Fanny, you can keep them from quarrelling, I should hope.”

Poor Fanny would willingly have done so, for Norman was doing his best to spoil the pleasure of her drive. She took Robby to sit beside her, where Norman could not reach him without kicking her. He having vented his anger, now remained quiet, only occasionally giving an angry look at the poor little orphan.

Soon having crossed the level heath, they entered a narrow glen between the mountains, which rose up on either side of them, here and there covered with wood; in other places the cliffs were almost perpendicular, while a stream rushed foaming and sparkling over its rocky sides close to the road. As they advanced, the scenery became more wild and picturesque. Fanny admired it much, for she had never been in so romantic a country. Now they went up the steep side of a hill,



from the top of which could be seen range beyond range of mountains, with deep valleys, patches of forest, wild rocks, and a narrow sheet of water which shone in the bright sunlight, while here and there could be distinguished a thin silvery line descending from a mountain height, and winding along at the bottom of a valley.

“We are not far from Glen Colpach,” shouted the laird, “and I see some of our friends are making their way towards it.”

He pointed to some patches which Fanny thought looked like ants, with a blackbeetle in front of them, winding down the mountain.

Descending by a steep road, which compelled the laird and Captain Vallery to put on their drags to prevent the carriages going down faster than would have been pleasant, they found themselves by the side of a narrow loch enclosed by mountains. They soon after, rounding a lofty cliff, arrived at the entrance of the glen which they had come to visit.

On the shore of the loch was a small cottage where they found the cart with the servants and provisions. They descended from the carriages, and were joined by several of the laird's friends, who had arrived before them. Fanny was pleased to find, as had been promised, some companions of her own age, and several boys rather older than her brother.

“I can get on very well with them,” thought Norman, as he eyed them. “They will be more fit companions than that stupid little Robby.”



The party proceeded up the glen by the margin of a narrow deep stream. So close were the two sides of the glen that the branches of the trees which grew on them appeared almost to join overhead, and formed a thick shade.

After proceeding some way, the glen again opened out, and they found that they had reached the end of another loch, which extended as far as the eye could reach, while their ears were saluted by the rushing and roaring sound of a cataract which came from the heights above them, and fell dashing and splashing over the rocks, now concealed by the thick foliage now appearing full in view.

Stopping to admire the romantic scene—the calm loch, the murmuring stream, the roaring waterfall, the wild rocks with trees growing amidst them, and the lofty hills rising in many varied shapes on every side, still higher peaks towering to the sky, the party began to ascend a path which led to the spot where the picnic was to be held. It was a green knoll on the mountain side, close to which an off-shoot of the great waterfall bubbled and sparkled by, while the trees which grew on one side afforded a sufficient shade from the sun's rays. The number of rocks which had fallen from the mountains above supplied seats of every shape, to suit the taste of those who chose to occupy them.

From the knoll a still better view than below, of the waterfall and the surrounding scenery, was obtained, and everybody agreed that it was the most perfect place for a picnic imaginable. Fanny and her young



friends were delighted, and while the servants brought up the hampers, and some of the party were spreading the cloth, they employed themselves in conveying jugs of water from the bright stream which flowed by.

As many of the party had come from a considerable distance, it was settled that dinner should be the first thing attended to, though some of the young ladies directly after their arrival had got out their sketch-books, and would have preferred finishing their sketches first. Fanny, who had observed the rapid way in which they conveyed the scenery to their paper, wished that she could sketch also. Her granny promised that she should have lessons as soon as she returned home.

“Oh, how much I shall like it, and I think I shall remember this scene so well that I shall be able to put it down on paper as soon as I have learned to draw,” she exclaimed.

One of the young ladies lent her a book. To her surprise, by following the guidance of her instructress, she found that she could already make a sketch which would remind her of the scene.

The picnic dinner was exactly as Fanny had expected it to be. There was the facetious old gentleman—a neighbouring laird noted for his jokes,—and he did not fail to keep the company in fits of laughter, and there were young ladies and young gentlemen and middle-aged gentlemen, who told stories and sang songs.

The laird of Glen Tulloch had in the meantime



despatched Alec Morrison to bring down a boat which was kept further up the loch, that those of the party who wished it might enjoy a row.

Norman and his young friends after eating as many of the good things as they wanted, not caring for the jokes or the conversation, strolled away to enjoy a scramble among the rocks. They were not observed, or they would have been warned of the danger they were running.

Little Robby had been waiting patiently to obtain his share of the feast with the servants. When he saw them go, he followed, for he had been told by his grandfather to take care and not get among the slippery rocks. Young as he was, it occurred to him that if it would be dangerous for him, it would be equally so for the young gentlemen.

“What are you coming after us for, you little brat?” exclaimed Norman, as turning round he caught sight of Robby. “Go back and stay with the servants.”

“Please, grandfather said any one going climbing among those rocks, would run the chance of slipping and being carried into the loch,” answered Robby, not feeling angry at the rude way Norman had spoken to him.

“What is it to me what your grandfather says?” answered Norman, who wished to show his independence before his older companions. “Don’t you be coming after us, we don’t want your company.”

“We had better take care where we go, though,” observed one of the boys, who was wiser than the rest.



“It would be an ugly thing to tumble into that boiling stream, and be carried off to the loch.”

“Oh, nonsense,” exclaimed Norman, “I am not afraid, I am going to shoot tigers when I go back to India. I shall have to go into wild places to get at them. I have a fancy for climbing up those rocks to see how high I can get. Who will follow?”

“Oh, do not go, do not go, young gentleman,” cried Robby, who saw the danger they were running. “You may slip and break your legs, or be drowned if you fall into the water.”

The boys disregarded his warnings, and Norman eager to show his bravery began to climb the rocks. They made one ascent, and perhaps influenced by Robby’s warning, took sufficient care to escape an accident, and all descended again in safety very nearly to the edge of the loch.

“He did not do any great thing after all,” observed one of the boys. “I thought, Vallery, you were going up to the top.”

“So I will, if you will follow me,” answered Norman.

“You will be frightened, before you are half way up,” cried another.

“You dare not do it,” said a third.

“Big as you all are, I will dare anything you can do,” exclaimed Norman proudly, and he began to re-ascend the rocks.

“Oh, pray do not,” cried Robby, who notwithstanding the order he had received to be off, still kept near. “You will be tumbling down, I know you will.”



The other boys followed Norman, most of them keeping in a safer direction away from the waterfall.

Robby was running off to call some of the servants, who might he thought stop the young gentlemen better than he could, when at that instant he saw his grandfather pulling down the loch and close to the mouth of the stream formed by the waterfall. Just as he was beckoning to him to make haste that he might land and stop the boys, he heard a cry, and saw Norman slipping down the side of a smooth rock wet with the spray of the waterfall. In vain he shouted to him to hold on to anything he could grasp. Norman shrieked out with terror, but the sound of the cascade prevented any one but his boyish companions from hearing his words. Horror-struck, they could do nothing to help him. Robby ran up along the stream, but was stopped by the roughness of the ground.

Norman though clinging to a few tufts of grass or small shrubs was unable to regain a footing. He slipped down lower and lower, till he fell with a plunge into the stream. The water was sufficiently deep to prevent him from being hurt by the fall, but the current was strong, and though his head was above the surface, he was unable to resist it, and carried off his legs was borne down the stream.

Robby had a handkerchief tied in a sailor's knot round his neck, and as Norman passed close to the bank, he threw the end to him. Norman grasped it, and held on tightly while Robby kept a firm hold of the other end. But Robby was small, and the stream



bore Norman onward. As long as he could, Robby scrambled along the bank, thus keeping Norman above water.

The other boys hurried down the rocks to assist him, but just before the foremost got up to where he was, Robby lost his balance, and falling into the water he and Norman were carried down the stream together.

Old Alec had seen the boys and heard their cries, and guessing that something was wrong, happily at that moment shoved his boat up the mouth of the stream as far as she could go. To throw his grapnel to the shore and to spring overboard was the work of an instant, directly he saw the two young boys floating down towards him. He had them safe in his arms before either of them had lost consciousness, and placing them in the boat he rowed as fast as he could to the landing-place below the spot where the picnic party were still seated. They, alarmed by the cries of the other boys, one of whom shouted out in his terror that little Vallery was being drowned, started to their feet.

Alec's loud voice which reached them, as he hailed in sailor fashion, "They are here all safe," somewhat reassured them.

Captain Vallery and Mrs. Maclean, were the first to get to the boat. They were followed by Fanny and her mamma.

Norman was quickly lifted out of the boat by his papa, who was not till then satisfied that he was really alive. He was at once carried up to the knoll, where



a fire had just been lighted. The laird came up directly afterwards with little Robby in his arms, having gleaned from Alec and the other boys exactly what had happened.

“I find, Vallery, that your son owes his life to this little fellow, for had it not been for his judgment and courage, he would have been carried into the loch, before Alec Morrison could have come up to save him,” he exclaimed. Captain and Mrs. Vallery expressed their gratitude, and as may be supposed, everybody praised little Robby’s bravery.

Meantime the boys’ wet clothes were stripped off, and they were wrapped up in warm shawls supplied by the ladies. Fanny knelt by her brother’s side, almost overcome with her agitation; indeed he was evidently suffering as much from alarm, perhaps, as from the sudden plunge into the cold water.

As none of the Glen Tulloch party could longer enjoy the picnic, a servant was sent on to get their carriages ready, while Captain Vallery carrying Norman, and old Alec his little grandson, they proceeded down the glen that they might get home as soon as possible. The other boys, as may be supposed, wisely amused themselves on safe ground, and it is to be hoped they were properly thankful that they had been preserved from an accident by which their young friend had so nearly lost his life.

Mrs. Vallery took her seat in the hinder part of the carriage, and kept Norman in her arms, anxiously watching his face, now flushed, now pale, while the



two elder ladies insisted on taking care of little Robby. He, however, appeared to be not all the worse for his wetting. He could not help now and then expressing his thankfulness that the young gentleman had caught hold of his handkerchief in time to avoid being carried into the loch before his grandfather had reached him. He said nothing about himself, nor did he seem to think that he was deserving of any praise.

The laird and Captain Vallery drove towards home as fast as they could, but their anxiety to arrive at the end of their journey made the road appear much longer than it had on coming.

Mrs. Maclean wished to carry Robby on with her. To this, however, Alec would not agree.

“No, Mrs. Maclean,” he answered, “he will do very well with me. I could not rest without him under my roof, and a sailor’s son will be none the worse for a ducking.” Robby was then lifted out of the carriage, and by his own request placed on the ground.

“Please, Mrs. Maclean, may I come over to-morrow to ask how the young gentleman is?” he said looking up. “I will ask God, when I say my prayers to-night, that he may be made well.”

“If your grandfather can spare you, we shall be glad to see you,” said Mrs Maclean.

“I must thank you for the interest you feel in my little grandson,” said Mrs. Leslie.

Robby seemed much pleased. As long as the carriages were in sight he stood watching them, and then ran after his grandfather into the cottage.



As soon as the party reached Glen Tulloch, Norman was carried up to bed. It was evident that he was very ill, he had been heated by scrambling about the rocks, and the cold water had given him a sudden chill. Before the next morning he was in a high fever. A doctor was sent for, but some hours elapsed before he arrived. He looked very grave and said that the little boy required the greatest care and watching.

Mrs. Leslie and her mamma insisted that Fanny should go to bed, and as she was always obedient, she did as they wished, but she could not go to sleep. All night long she thought of her little brother, and of the danger he was in, and oh ! how earnestly she prayed that he might recover.

Either his granny or mamma sat by his bedside throughout the night. He tumbled and tossed, his limbs and his head aching again and again, he saw little birds flitting backwards and forwards in the room.

“Ah ! ah ! naughty boy, I am Pecksy’s brother, you killed him ; you know you did !” said one nodding its head, as it perched on the back of a chair, at the end of his bed. Then it flew away, and another came and said, I am Pecksy’s sister, naughty boy, you killed him, you know you did !” and it too nodded its head.

A third and a fourth and a fifth came and chirped in plaintive tones, “Oh, why did you kill our dear little friend ? you say you did not kill him ; you know you did, you naughty boy !” and so they went on flying backwards and forwards, now concealed in the dark



part of the room, and now appearing in the light of the lamp.

In vain Norman tried to raise his voice—he could not even whisper—all he could do was to watch them with his aching eyes as they flitted to and fro. Oh! how he longed to get rid of them. Would they never go away? No; back they came, and twittered in the same mournful strain. “You killed our brother, you killed our friend; you know you did, naughty, naughty boy!”

At length he could bear it no longer, and with a scream he exclaimed,

“Oh, put them out of the room—catch them! catch them! take them away! I will be a good boy, indeed I will. I will never do such a thing again.”

Though he did not speak very distinctly, his mamma understood his words.

“Take what away, dear? There is nothing in the room—there is nothing to hurt you.”

“The birds! the birds! Oh yes, oh yes, the birds, the birds, I see them again,” cried Norman, with his eyes wide open, staring into the air.

In vain Mrs. Vallery tried to soothe him. He still cried out, “Take the birds away!” He did not even know her.

“Naughty woman, do as I tell you! Don’t let the birds come and tease me,” he cried out.

Strange as it may seem, he did not once speak of his fall from the rock into the water, or of the danger he had run on that occasion.



Thus the night passed on.

As soon as it was morning, Fanny hurried to her little brother's room. Her grief and pain were very great when she heard him crying out, "Take the birds away, oh, don't let them tease me!"

She sat down on a stool by his bedside.

Her papa soon came, and he and her mamma hung over Norman, anxiously watching him, but though he opened his eyes wide, he did not recognise them.

"Go away, go away, I do not want you," he murmured.

Even when his mamma took his hand and affectionately bent down over him, he gazed at her as if she was a stranger.

Fanny could scarcely restrain her grief to see him thus.

The doctor came back as early as he could, after visiting a patient some miles off. Fanny anxiously waited to hear his report.

"The little fellow may do well, but the fever is not yet at its height, and we shall be able to judge better to-morrow," he said.

"Oh, how dreadful it will be to have to wait all that time," thought Fanny.

She was sent out of the room several times by her mamma, as she could do nothing, and as often stole back again, only feeling at rest when seated by her young brother's bedside.

At last Norman appeared to drop off to sleep, and her granny, who had taken her mamma's place,



whispered that she must go out and enjoy some fresh air.

Just as she descended the steps, she saw old Alec and little Robby coming towards the house. Robby darted forward to meet her.

“O Mistress Fanny, how is the young gentleman?” he asked in an eager tone.

“My brother is very, very ill,” answered Fanny, unable to restrain her tears.

Robby looked very sad, but his countenance brightened up in a little time as he said,—

“Don’t cry, young lady, grandfather and I have been praying that God will take care of Master Norman, and make him well—I am sure He will—so don’t cry, don’t cry.”

Fanny dried her tears, for she had the same hope in her heart, remembering that she, too, had been praying, and she knew that God hears children’s prayers as well as those of grown people.

She thanked Robby and old Alec very much for coming to inquire for her brother, and asked them to come into the house as she was sure her papa and the laird and Mrs. Maclean would like to see them. Her mamma was lying down to rest, and her granny was with Norman she knew, or they would like to see them too. Old Alec, however, declined, saying that he only came to ask after the young master, and that he must be back to attend to his cattle and sheep.

He was going away, when the laird caught sight of him, and insisted on his coming in with Robby. Mrs.



Maclean loaded Robby with all sorts of things, and Captain Vallery wished to show his gratitude in some substantial way to old Alec and his little grandson, for saving Norman's life.

Alec persisted that neither he nor the child wished for any reward for doing what was simply their duty.

"That is no reason why I should not show my gratitude, and I will consult with the laird how I can best do so," answered the captain.

For many days Norman remained very ill, and every day old Alec and the little boy came to inquire for him.

"Robby will not rest till he has heard how the young master is going on," said his grandfather, "and though I tell him he cannot help him to get well, still he says he must come to ask how he is doing."

Fanny spent every moment that she was allowed to do so in her brother's room.

At length the doctor said that the complaint had taken a favourable turn, and that Norman would soon get well. He looked, however, very pale and thin, and very unlike the strong ruddy boy he had before appeared. Fanny was now allowed to be frequently with him. Their poor mamma, from her constant watching by his bedside, was herself made ill, and even granny required rest and fresh air.

What an active attentive little nurse did Fanny make, and how pleasantly and gently she talked to Norman, telling him all sorts of things which she could think of, to interest him. She daily brought him his



meals ; he said that he would rather take them from her than from any one else, as the tea and broth and pudding always tasted nicer when she gave them to him.

She had not liked to talk of Robby and Alec for fear of reminding him of Pecksy. One day when she brought him a cup of broth, and he was sitting propped up with pillows, he threw his arms round her neck.

“ You dear, kind sister,” he said, “ how good you are to me, and I have never been good to you ; I don’t think anybody else would be as kind to me if I had treated them as I have you.”

“ Oh, but you know I love you, Norman, and though you have been angry sometimes, that should not make me cease to love you. But here, take the broth, and then I will tell you that not only I, but others care for you, and have prayed that you might be made well, whom you have treated rudely and ill.”

Norman took the broth and then he asked,—

“ Who are they who care for me besides mamma and perhaps granny ? ”

“ Of course, granny cares for you very much indeed,” said Fanny, who did not like her brother to say that. “ And so do others ; ” and then she told him how day after day old Alec and Robby had come to the house to inquire for him, how grieved Robby had been when he heard that he was ill, and how thankful when he was told that he was recovering.

“ That little boy ! ” exclaimed Norman ; why, I



always abused him and scolded him, and now I remember I kicked him in the carriage, and called him names when he ran after me. It was he who threw the end of his handkerchief to me, when I fell into the water. Oh yes ! and I pulled him in too, when he was trying to help me, and he might have been drowned. He can only hate me, I should think."

"Far from hating you, he has forgotten entirely how ill you treated him, and has been as anxious as any one about you," said Fanny.

"Oh, I have been a very naughty boy, I will try to be so no more. I know I said that before, but now I will really try to do what I am told, and be kind and gentle to everybody, as granny said I ought to be, and I will pray to God to help me to be so. I before thought that I was going to be good, but I did not pray, I wanted to be good all by myself, and I know that I was very soon as bad as ever."

How thankful Fanny felt when she heard Norman say this ; again and again she kissed him, and with joy afterwards told her granny and her mamma what he had said.

From this time Norman rapidly got better, and was soon able to be dressed and go downstairs. Fanny was delighted to draw him about the grounds in the little cart, and in two or three days the doctor thought that he might take a drive in the pony carriage.

"Oh then, let me go and see Robby," he exclaimed. "I want so much to thank him for saving me from being drowned, and for coming to ask about me."



## CHAPTER XII.

### RIGHT AT LAST.

**T**HE first fine day after Norman was allowed to go out, the laird kindly undertook to drive him and Fanny and their mamma and granny over to old Alec's cottage. Robby was much delighted to see the young gentleman. Norman, instead of treating him in the haughty way he had before, allowed himself to be led about by the little fellow, who wanted to show him his pet lamb and birds, and a little arbour, with a seat in it, which his grandfather had made for him.

“Robby,” said Norman, taking his hand, “I know I was very naughty, and that I treated you very ill, but if you will forgive me and let me be your friend, I shall be very thankful. I do indeed feel ashamed of myself.”

Fanny, who overheard this was more than ever satisfied that her brother's heart was really changed.

Robby thanked Norman, and again told him how glad he was that he had got well, and that he would like to be his friend, and help him, and fight for him if needs be, more than anything else.



The children spent a very happy morning, and the drive did Norman much good.

Captain and Mrs. Vallery were most anxious to show their gratitude to old Alec and his grandson. Mrs. Vallery among other things they proposed doing, sent to the nearest town for some clothes suitable for little Robby. Mrs. Maclean drove over with them, that she might tell her guests how their present was received. Robby opened the parcel himself and could scarcely believe that its contents were for him. He had never before, indeed, been so comfortably dressed. He was unable to find words to express his pleasure, but he did his best to say how grateful he felt for the unexpected gifts. Mrs. Maclean undertook to see that he was in future well supplied with warm clothing. The laird likewise engaged a big lad to assist Alec in looking after his cattle and sheep, that Robby might be sent to school; and Captain Vallery purchased several animals, which he presented to the old man, observing that as now he had a servant he would be able to tend a larger number than formerly. Mrs. Leslie also made him and his grandson several useful presents. Still Norman acknowledged that for his part, he owed them more than he could ever repay.

At length the time came when Mrs. Leslie and her daughter and son-in-law, with their children had to return South. The last visit to old Alec and his grandson was paid. They bade farewell to the kind laird and Mrs. Maclean.

The carriage drove to the door, and the journey was



begun. Among the luggage was a mysterious package—what it contained Fanny was not allowed to know, and if she was curious about it, she so far restrained her curiosity as not to ask questions. Norman, however, seemed to be acquainted with its contents, and lifting up the thick covering placed over it, he was seen to pour in water and seeds from a little parcel of which his papa had charge.

The railway was soon reached, and while at the station, Norman kept strict watch over the mysterious package.

The party spent only one day in Edinburgh when the package was carried at once into Captain Vallery's room.

During the journey from Edinburgh to London, it was placed under charge of the guard, who promised faithfully that no harm should befall it.

How happy Fanny felt, when at length they reached their dear old home with granny quite well, in spite of the fatigue she had undergone, and Norman not only recovered, but evidently so very different to what he had been before. One of his first acts was to run up to Susan to tell her that he hoped she would find him a good boy. Trusty, who came out barking with delight, sprang up to lick the hand of everybody else, but carefully avoided Norman. Norman, however, called to him in a gentle voice, and when he came up patted his head and stroked his back, and Trusty wagged his tail as much as to say, "I am glad you are not afraid of me, and I hope we shall be good friends



in future." Such they became, and many a romp had Trusty with the young gentleman.

Fanny on going to her room, found Nancy in her doll's house ready to welcome her, and turning round what should she see but Miss Lucy, looking bright and fresh, with a low frock such as she wore when she first arrived.. There were no marks on her neck, no disfiguring blotches on her face. If she was not the original Miss Lucy, she was so exactly like her that she must be, Fanny thought, her twin sister.

"Oh how very kind," exclaimed Fanny, "I need have no fear now of leaving Miss Lucy by herself either in the drawing-room or elsewhere."

After talking to her for some time, and introducing her to Nancy she ran downstairs, eager to thank her papa and mamma and granny, or whoever had obtained a new Miss Lucy for her.

No one was in the drawing-room, but a minute afterwards Norman came in, carrying in his hand a gaily-painted bird-cage, with a beautiful little bird inside. The bird cage was exactly the size of the mysterious package.

"There, dear Fanny," he said, "we have brought it all the way from Glen Tulloch. I bought it with some money which papa gave me to do what I liked with. But I was afraid it might die on the journey, so I did not like to offer it you till arrived safely here. Will you take it, dear Fanny, and call it Pecksy? I hope it will be a happier little Pecksy than the last."

For a moment Norman hung down his head, and then



he looked up with a beaming smile as Fanny kissed him, and thanked him again and again for his gift.

Norman then begged Fanny to come up to her room, and he there pointed out a hook which had been placed in the wall on which she might hang her bird-cage and reach it without difficulty, though too far off the ground for Trusty to frighten it, or for Kitty, the cat, even by exerting her utmost agility to reach it.

Fanny thought herself the happiest little girl in existence.

She showed Norman the new Miss Lucy, whose appearance astonished him even more than it had Fanny.

Norman spent some happy weeks at home, and Mrs. Norton expressed herself much pleased at the progress he made. The time then came for him to go to school, and after he had been there for some time, the master wrote word that he was among the most attentive and obedient of his pupils, and that he had not a word of complaint to make of him. All his friends felt very happy on receiving this information, and Fanny looked forward with delight for his return home for the holidays.

He maintained his character, and though it cannot be said he has no faults, he undoubtedly does his best to overcome them, and I shall be very glad if all the young readers of this tale, will endeavour to do the same—trusting to the same help which he sought and obtained.